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SUPPLEMENTS }

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"THE MOTHER OF A TSAR TO BE": THE TSARITSA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMSON.

On August 12 the Tsar of All the Russias was gladdened amid his many misfortunes by the birth of the heir he has so long desired. The advent of the Tsarevitch has probably averted a revolution.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

What is contraband of war? "Not," say the jurists, "what a belligerent chooses to make it." There must be some regard for the convenience of neutrals, who want to carry on their trade with the least possible hindrance. They are willing to class as contraband any material which is of direct service to an army; anything that comes properly under the head of munitions of war; but they claim the right of shipping to one combatant or the other all the goods that belong to the normal course of peaceful commerce. What, for instance, is the harm of manure? A German steamer, with a cargo of fish-manure for Japan, is sunk by the Russians, and the Prize Court at Vladivostok commends the act. How could manure be helpful to the Japanese army? You may say it has no more to do with the prosecution of a campaign than nutmeg-graters. But that is a superficial view. The Prize Court at Vladivostok looks deeper. It sees the Japanese soldier greatly cheered by the knowledge that fish-manure is arriving freely in Japan, and that his fields, thus refreshed, will continue to yield their smiling abundance in his absence. But what if he learns that the fragrant stimulant of his crops is at the bottom of the sea?

Here you perceive the logical directness of the Slavonic mind. Anything that feeds the enemy, in body or in spirit, must be contraband. Ship's biscuit is another example. Russian naval officers have declared that any neutral vessel carrying dry biscuits is liable to seizure. They know that many a British sea-dog has been nourished on captain's biscuit; and they have a vision of Admiral Togo and his officers invited to lunch on board a P. and O. steamer. You would not call this a breach of neutrality; but Russian naval officers know better. They see Togo and his men, after a copious ration of the invigorating biscuit, ready for anything. Remarkable scenes in the Vladivostok Prize Court have been described by Russian journalists. The captain of the *Knight Commander* was invited to swear, on the "honour of an English gentleman," that his ship had carried no contraband. He swore, and was then confronted with a letter-book, disclosing his perfidy. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I thought that book was at the bottom of the sea!" But this was not all. He also swore that the *Knight Commander's* biscuits were mere sweetmeats. "Gentlemen," said he to the Court, "a toothless babe would have munched them with joy." But retribution was swift. A Russian naval officer produced a huge biscuit, which had every appearance of having braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze. He handed it to the judges, who vainly strove to bite it. Toothache gripped them, but did not disturb their judicial calm. "Eat it," they said grimly to the British captain, who was forced to obey. Nothing broke the silence of the Court but the champing of his invincible jaws. I am told that a more dramatic scene, and a more convincing piece of evidence, had never been witnessed by a Russian tribunal.

A lady at Ottawa writes me some eloquent praises of Lord Dundonald, whose case, she thinks, may be judged in this country entirely by official opinion in Canada. She need have no fear on that score. But there is a natural reluctance here to enlarge upon a question of Canadian politics with the freedom of my correspondent. I have to deny myself the pleasure of quoting all her piquant sketches of public men; but one short excerpt will indicate the liveliness of her observation, and the frankness of personal feeling which prevents political life in Canada from sinking into the dullness of first principles. She is describing a certain statesman as he appears to a relentless eye in the Dominion Parliament: "I have often been amused at the way he squirms in his seat when attacked; the pains he takes to seem unconcerned; the careful examination of fingernails, the solemn removal of a speck of dust from his immaculate clothes, the beating of a devil's tattoo when things get very hot, the tightening of those thin lips, apparently with the object of determining the shortest distance between two points, one at each corner of his mouth; and now and then a supercilious leer at the ladies in the gallery, with a characteristic tilt of the chin, which gives one an insane desire to do him some personal damage."

I never heard of any visitor to the Ladies' Gallery of our own House of Commons suffering this stress of emotion. But that may be because the lattice protected her from tilted chins. At Ottawa the legislator, seeking sympathy or distraction, has a full view of the fair auditors. May I venture to suggest that my correspondent has misunderstood the upward curve of the chin in question? I have had much occasion to deplore the ravages of party spirit; but I am unwilling to believe that any politician would revert himself for the sarcasms of an opponent by turning up his chin in

a supercilious manner at the ladies who were manifestly enjoying them. No, let me cherish at least one illusion: let me believe that the chin is mutely appealing for softer glances than my correspondent flashes into the arena. "Madam," it says, "the rhetoric of this fellow opposite pleases you mightily. You like to see his poisoned darts sticking all over me. But is this the humanising influence which lovely woman ought to exercise upon our party conflicts? Are you envious of the pitiless Roman matrons, who used to turn down their thumbs when the wounded gladiator appealed to them for mercy? Not that my case is as hard as his. There's a lot of fight in me, let me tell you; and this ruffian who defames me for your gratification may find himself nothing presently but a mass of blisters. Ah! but give me one gentle look of sorrow, even if mingled with reproof, and I'll let him off!"

Another lady is good enough to show much forbearance in pointing out my injustice to Byron. Actually I attributed a veritable line of his to Bon Gaultier, and called it a burlesque! Yes, it was Byron who wrote of Don Juan's mother—

In virtues nothing earthly can surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

There was published in 1816 a profound work entitled "An Historical, Philosophical, and Practical Essay on the Human Hair, by Alexander Rowland, Junior," and Byron, who read everything, did not miss that. Perhaps his own locks had borrowed lustre from Mr. Rowland's oil, and inspired a grateful tribute. Byron's quotations, especially from Shakspeare, are quite uncanny in their accuracy, although he wrote—

No man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.

But in some of us this rashness is a besetting vice. My only comfort, in the present humiliation, is the failure of my Byronic friend at The Hague to correct my blunder. Let him note that there are vigilant guardians of the poet's fame even in this pharisaic island.

The French have a delightful custom of electing a Muse for a distinguished man of letters, when he becomes the subject of posthumous honours. For instance, the Muse of Michelet, the historian, is Mlle. Ernestine Curot, sempstress, chosen for this high office by the votes of twenty thousand workwomen in her *arrondissement* of Paris. When Michelet's bust was crowned in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, it was this humble daughter of the people who performed that ceremony. The other day Mlle. Curot was married; and all the municipal Muses of France sent her their felicitations. She received a state visit from the Muse of Montmartre, a quarter which may be called the quintessence of poesy. It is clear that, for the rest of her life, the Muse of Michelet will wear an aureole, and that her children's children will be sensible of its lustre. Is it possible to imagine a more charming tradition? Perhaps it is not required of this Muse that she should be familiar with Michelet's writings, and able to correct the rash and hasty band of misquoters. It may be that Michelet is not deeply read by the women of her *arrondissement*. But at least they can always crown that bust of him with appropriate memories; and this, I fear, is more than can be said for many frequenters of Leicester Square in regard to the statue of Shakspeare which adorns that classic spot.

An enterprising citizen invites our subscriptions to a truly national statue of the Bard, to be erected on some befitting site, granted by the London County Council. The movement, I understand, flags a little. This is partly due to our distrust of native statuary, and a humiliating suspicion that in this kind of homage to the illustrious dead we are doomed never to shine. There is also a notion that Shakspeare, of all men, is least in need of effigy. You might as well make a graven image of the sun. Then, I daresay, the followers of Bacon are busy with their insinuations that he ought to be the national darling of sculptures. But suppose the movement successful, and the statue duly set up in Battersea; will Mr. John Burns move a resolution in the County Council that a Muse of Shakspeare be elected from the daughters of the people in his constituency? If we had sufficient instinct of the picturesque, there might be a very pretty ceremonial. The Muse, escorted by Mr. Burns and Mr. Sidney Lee, and robed like the Chorus in "Henry V.," would mount a pedestal and recite a sonnet, composed for the occasion by Mr. Swinburne. After that, the movement might go on with swelling volume, until we had decorated the town with monuments of all the great Elizabethans, each with his appointed Muse, destined to be the pride of her family and the neighbours, like Ernestine Curot. Nay, some of the Muses might cultivate a taste for scholarship by rounding on Mr. Sidney Lee, who has accused Elizabethan sonneteers of wholesale priggishness from their foreign models. Alas! I fear me this is but a dream, which will be dissolved by flouts and jeers.

THE RUSSIAN SUCCESSION.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

It is not too much to say that the one bright spot on the present horizon of Russian history is the birth of a direct male heir to the throne of the Tsars. Had the Empress presented her lord with a fifth daughter instead of with his first son, there is no saying what might have been the ultimate, or even the immediate, result. The Russian people, than whom there is no more superstitious race in Europe, would have been inclined to believe that their autocratic ruler no longer enjoyed the countenance of the King of Kings, and might have thus been tempted to imitate the supposed example of the Almighty in withholding their favour from their sonless Sovereign. On the other hand, the advent of another daughter instead of a son might have perhaps produced more positive effects in the higher, or, indeed, the highest spheres of Russian society. It is well known that the circle of the Grand Dukes contains certain elements of grave dissatisfaction with the policy which has brought Russia to her present dreadful pass, and in Russia revolution has always come from "von Oben," as the Germans say—from above, from the highest classes, and not from the masses, as in France and other lands. A popular revolution is a physical impossibility in a country like Russia, by reason of its vast spaces, its lack of arms and organisation, and, above all things, of a Paris. But a "palace revolution" has repeatedly changed the current of history in Russia, and it may do so again.

The second of the Romanoffs proper to bear the name of Alexis was the son and heir of Peter the Great, who was done to death by his pitiless father in a manner which has almost no counterpart in history, and would only have been paralleled had Frederick William of Prussia carried out his intention to execute the son who afterwards became Frederick the Great. Peter III. was deposed and replaced by his consort, Catherine, who was subsequently privy to his entire "removal"; while Paul I., the maddest of all the Romanoffs, was also dethroned, and strangled in the process. Having forbidden his scientific men to make use of the word "revolution" when speaking of the courses of the heavenly bodies, he was destined to succumb to a "révolution de palais." When his son Alexander I., our ally against Napoleon, died in 1825, he was succeeded by his second younger brother, Nicholas, afterwards our opponent in the Crimea; for the real heir to the crown, Constantine, was such a startling copy, in mind and person, of his mad father that he had to be passed over and allowed to indulge his eccentric passions in the obscurity of private life.

With such instances before us, it is idle to speak of the Russian law of succession as we should talk of our own Act of Settlement. There is no real and abiding law in Russia but that of the Tsar's will. The Great Peter enjoined each Sovereign to select his successor to the throne from among the members of the imperial family, irrespective of the claims of primogeniture; while Paul I., who came to be deposed, annulled the ordinance of his predecessor and decreed the law of succession to be that of regular descent, by right of the first born, with preference of male over female heirs. This is also the general statement of our own British law of succession, though in Russia its application is very different—to an extent, indeed, which practically closes the path to the throne to female heirs.

Thus, for example, the present Tsar's late brother, George, continued to be heir-apparent after the birth of his Majesty's first daughter; whereas in England we should have exhausted all the females, in default of males, in the direct line, before passing to the agnates. According to this principle of succession, the Duchess of Fife stands nearer the throne than the Duke of Connaught. When the Tsarevitch, who had long been a sufferer from consumption, died in July 1899, the Tsar decreed that "henceforward, and so long as it may not please God to bless us with a son, the right of succession to the throne devolves, according to the precise definition of the law of succession, upon our beloved brother the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch." This Grand Duke has now been displaced from his position as heir-apparent by his baby nephew, Alexis, as to whom it may charitably be hoped that his swaddling clothes will prove a lighter burden than the multitude of military and other dignities with which he has already been invested.

A curious thing about the birth of the Tsarevitch is that since the time of Peter the Great he is the only male heir-apparent that has been born to a reigning Tsar, and possibly it is for that reason that he has been called Alexis—the name of Peter's ill-starred son. A likelier reason for the nomenclature may be the fact that the Tsar is very much attached to his second uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, who is supposed to be the Lord High Admiral of the Russian Fleets. Had a Tsarevitch not now been born, and had death claimed the Tsar's only surviving brother, Michael, the heir-apparency would have gone to his senior uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, who has, perhaps, more of the real Imperator in him than any other of his kith and kin.

Meanwhile it has been decreed that "in the event of his Imperial Majesty dying before the Tsarevitch has attained his majority, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch shall become Regent, and in these circumstances the Tsaritsa Alexandrine Feodorovna shall be the guardian of the Tsarevitch." This is a decree of far-reaching importance, for among other things it means that the influence of the Empress Dowager, hitherto paramount, will be replaced by that of the reigning Empress, whose tears at her previous effacement will now be dried. It is truly astonishing what "palace revolutions" may be produced by a baby; but it is not so certain whether the door to such revolutions has now been shut or further opened by its birth.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The Russian naval force in the Far East, after many vicissitudes, has at length become *une quantité négligeable*. The engagements of the 10th and the 14th of August have had this definite result. It matters very little to what extent the still existing units of the force are undamaged: their dispersion insures that the fleet can no longer be a factor in the situation. We have been accustomed ever since Admiral Togo first let slip his destroyers against the Russian fleet to grant to Japan the command of the sea; and unquestionably the Island Power has acted as if that command were hers. But all the time there has been in Port Arthur a force which, properly employed, might at least have made the matter doubtful. That force is now no longer effective. It is scattered and rendered impotent by the action of Aug. 10. And as a result of Admiral Kamimura's victory four days later, the menace of the Vladivostok squadron is also removed. For the first time since the war began, the Japanese Admirals may take a well-merited rest.

It is too early at the present moment, and with the scanty details available, to attempt any professional criticism of the actions fought off the Shantung Peninsula and in the Straits of Korea respectively. It will be found, no doubt, that the success of the Japanese was due to more than one cause. The Russian force under the late Admiral Witof does not seem to have put to sea with the intention of fighting what on land would be called a pitched battle. Whatever his ultimate object and purpose may have been, he seems to have endeavoured to escape fighting as far as it was possible, in view of the tenacity of his foe. History teaches us that such actions are far more common than engagements in which both sides are anxious to fight to a finish. Naturally that side which is anxious to get away with the least amount of damage fights at a great disadvantage.

With the demoralisation of the Russian sea forces and the fall of Port Arthur, which is bound to happen before many days, the Japanese will be free to devote the whole of their attention to Kuropatkin. What is happening in the neighbourhood of Liao-yang is still uncertain, but, as was said last week, the strategy of the Japanese has been from the first based upon the operations, afloat and ashore, directed against the force at Port Arthur. Everything points now to a speedy unravelling of the situation which has for its central figure the main Russian army. Little by little this has been hustled and shepherded to a position from which escape by retreat is well-nigh impossible. With his strength diminished, the spirit of his men impaired by constant defeat, the Russian General cannot be in a condition to give battle, even behind the most skilfully planned entrenchments, upon the most favourable terms. The moment seems at last at hand when we may receive the news of a decisive battle, and one which will, in all probability, decide the fate of Russia in the Far East.

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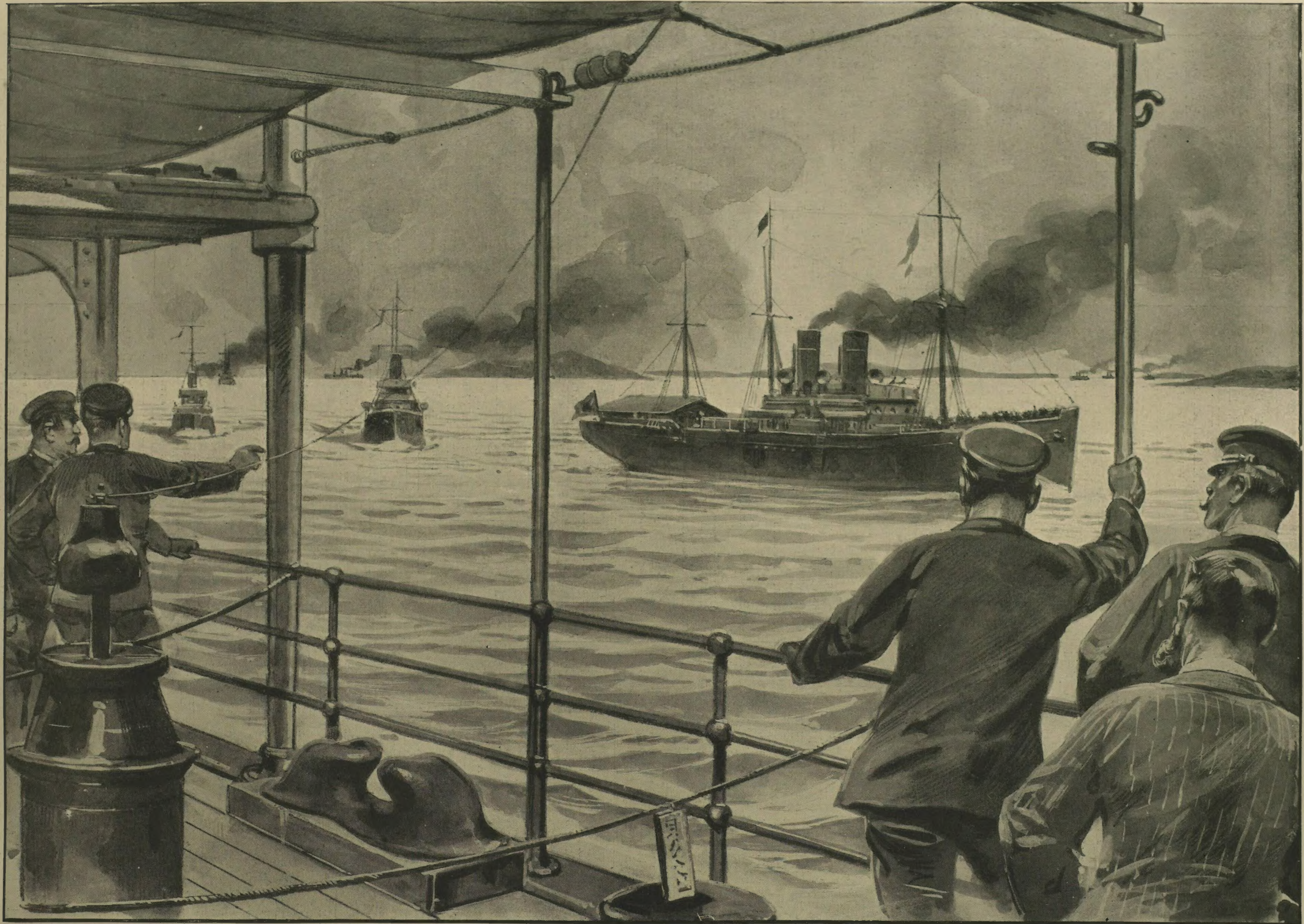
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WHEN THE RUSSIAN BEAR IS OUT FOR THE DAY: A SCENE IN THE JAPANESE SECRET HAVEN OF REFUGE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



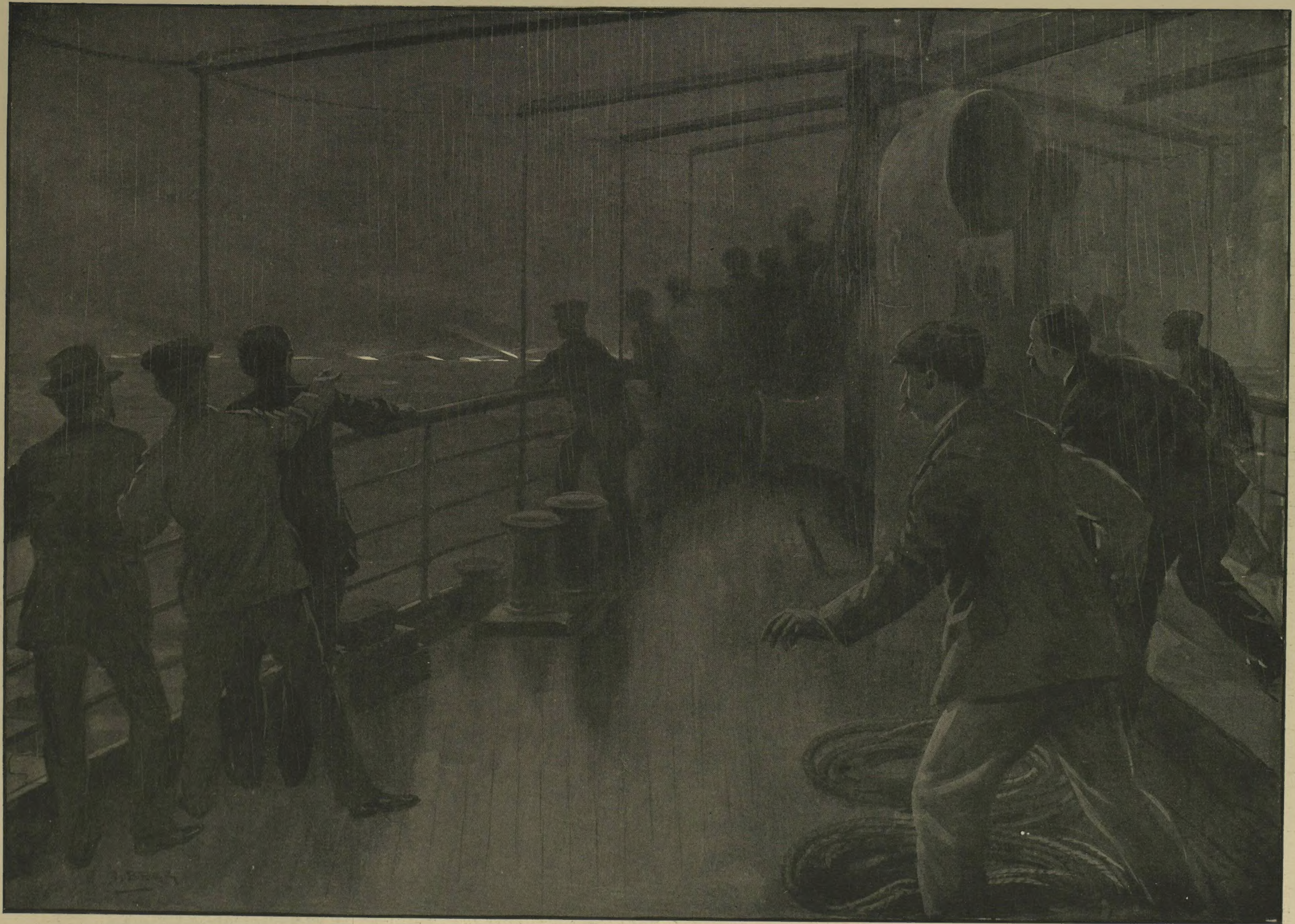
Wireless Telegraphic Apparatus.

A JAPANESE TRANSPORT SEEKING SAFETY IN THE "CERTAIN PLACE" OF ADMIRAL TOGO'S DISPATCHES.

The Japanese transport here depicted was crowded with troops. She sought shelter, together with the "Manchu-Maru," the steamer which carried the foreign correspondents within sight of Port Arthur, in the secret haven among the Elliots Islands, the name and whereabouts of which Mr. Villiers has been permitted by Admiral Togo to disclose. Our Artist was also privileged to depict the anchorage in the large Illustration which we publish as a Special Supplement. The sketch reproduced above was made during one of the excursions of the Russian fleet from Port Arthur.

A FIGHT IN A FOG: OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S EXPERIENCE OFF PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 20, 1904.—253

TOGO AT WORK: A DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE PORT ARTHUR FIGHTING.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "About eight o'clock on the evening of July 1, while the 'Manchu-Maru' was steaming towards Chinampo through fog and rain, there was an alarm on the port bow. All lights were immediately extinguished, and presently, through the mist, the sound of guns was heard and flashes of fire were seen. The Russians, under cover of the fog, were evidently trying to force the blockade of Port Arthur. In order not to hamper the movements of the Japanese fleet, the 'Manchu-Maru' steamed back to her anchorage of the previous night."

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT
MARIENBAD.

His Majesty is enjoying his holiday at Marienbad, where he arrived on Aug. 11, to undergo the "cure." The King, whose visit is entirely private, was unfortunately somewhat annoyed during the early days of his stay by too great curiosity on the part of the visitors, and the Burgomaster has had urgent requests for better order posted in the town. These have had an excellent effect. King Edward has been taking baths in the famous "champagne" spring, so called from its natural effervescing qualities, and he goes every morning to take the waters at the Kreuzbrunnen. He was visited by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and on Aug. 16 this stay at Marienbad was rendered historic by the meeting between the British Monarch and the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph.

Aug. 12
THE TSAR'S HEIR. was a date of good

omen for the House of Romanoff. Shortly after noon on that day the long-desired son was born to the Tsar, and for the moment the Russian people forgot their misfortunes in the Far East in joy at the good luck that had smiled on them at home. The Prince was born at Peterhof, and the event was made known to the capital by the salute of one hundred and one guns, fired from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The St. Petersburgers, it is said, anxiously counted the reports, and when the number that customarily heralds the advent of a Tsarevitch was fulfilled, the popular joy was widely manifested. The city was immediately decked with flags, and the streets were crowded with rejoicing citizens. The Tsar's delight was unbounded, and he at once named his heir Alexis. The health of the Tsaritsa and the infant Tsarevitch is reported to be excellent. The superstitious Russian people attribute the fortunate event to the direct intercession of St. Seraphim of Saroff, whom the Emperor recently canonised. The advent of the direct male heir reduces the Grand Duke Michael, hitherto the next in succession, to ordinary Grand Ducal rank.

END OF THE TORPEDO MANŒUVRES. The mimic state of warfare which existed on the West Coast for a week came to an end at eight o'clock on the morning of Aug. 15. The gale which prevailed for the last three days greatly hampered the operations, and there was no report of any very decisive or striking action on the part of the Red and Blue Fleets. The umpires' decision was not due to appear until some days after the manœuvres closed, but it was believed that the Red side had been fairly successful in putting its enemy's vessels out of action. Off the Scilly Isles the destroyer *Derwent* "torpedoed" the cruiser *Æolus* in the course of a dashing little exploit.

OUR SUPPLEMENTS. Peace and war form the key-notes of our Supplements, which illustrate works of construction and destruction in the Near and Far East. Our first double-page Illustration deals with the wonderful project recently suggested by Sir William Garstin for the further fertilisation of Egypt. The major portion of the scheme includes the making of a great channel two hundred miles long to collect and utilise water which



THE FIRE AT SHOREDITCH TOWN HALL: THE DÉBRIS.

The hall, which was being redecorated, was set on fire on August 15 by a workman's candle. It was entirely destroyed, and the rest of the municipal buildings were injured by smoke and water.

is now lost in swamps. Turning to the war subjects, we have received many remarkable drawings from our Special Artists in the Far East. Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Frederic Villiers. Mr. Villiers has, by Admiral Togo's express permission, been allowed to send a sketch of the secret base from which the Japanese fleet conducted its operations against Port Arthur. Our Artist has also been permitted to reveal the whereabouts of this mysterious haven.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Rousseau held the position of Premier in the Republican Government from June 1899 to June 1902. One of the strong men of the Third Republic, he contributed largely towards the firm establishment of the present régime. He may, in fact, be said to have saved the Republic at the time when the

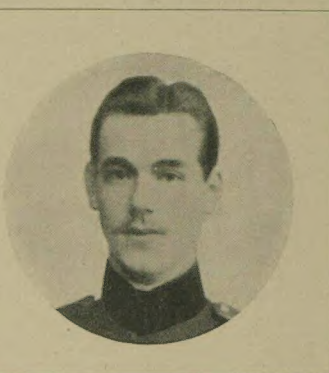
One of the most eminent of French statesmen died at Corbeil on Aug. 10. M. Waldeck-



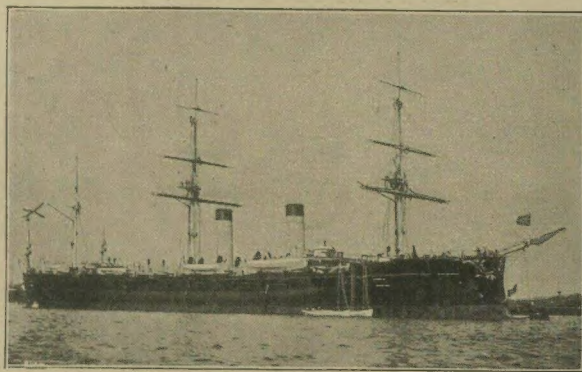
Photo, Nadar.

THE LATE M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU,
EX-PRÉMIER OF FRANCE.

Photo, Russell.

LADY HILDA MCNEILL,
DROWNED IN THE ATTEMPT TO SAVE
A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE.THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL,
SUPERSEDED BY THE NEWLY-BORN
TSAREVITCH.

Dreyfus affair menaced its very foundations. When Dupuy's Ministry fell, it seemed impossible that any Government could survive, and France appeared to be threatened with a series of phantom Cabinets that would be born only to die, and amid the welter anything might happen. But Waldeck-Rousseau formed that remarkable Coalition Ministry which lasted for three years, and piloted France through the tempest of "l'Affaire." M. Combes has carried on his policy and has given effect with startling consequences to Waldeck-Rousseau's Religious Associations Act. M. Combes was virtually appointed *ad interim*, for



Photo, Symonds.

RUSSIA'S LATEST GREAT NAVAL LOSS: THE "RURIK,"
SUNK BY THE JAPANESE, AUGUST 14.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau hoped to return to office. This, however, his health never permitted.

Lady Hilda McNeill, wife of Mr. Charles McNeill, Master of the North Cotswold Hounds, was drowned on Aug. 15, at Fremington, near Barnstaple, in attempting to save the life of a little boy named Glen Pritchard. Lady Hilda and young Pritchard were bathing at the time. The boy got into difficulties; Lady Hilda went to his assistance, and both were swept away. Lady Hilda was a sister of the Earl of Stradbroke, and was only thirty-seven years of age. She was a great horsewoman, and often hunted with the North Cotswold pack. She was very popular with all the members of that hunt, and her untimely death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

MORE TROUBLE IN
MOROCCO.

It is no longer the Moorish brigands who are molesting subjects of foreign Powers. The Sultan is taking a hand in the game. Having conceived a violent animosity against a certain El Menebhi, he has ordered the confiscation of that offender's property. Now El Menebhi has taken the precaution of becoming a British subject, and unless the Sultan be deterred from pursuing this vendetta, British interests and prestige throughout Morocco will suffer severely. It may be impossible to prevent the brigands from getting their own way, when they seize the person of a European and hold him to ransom; but it ought to be possible to coerce the Sultan into desisting from intolerable behaviour. He is expected to appoint a new Vizier, reported to be able though reactionary. Tazi is the gentleman's name. Let us hope that Tazi will succeed in keeping his master's hand out of the pockets of British subjects.

As the Defaulting Authorities
INSURGENT WALES. Bill has become law, Mr.

Lloyd-George and his friends have resolved upon an audacious campaign. The new Act provides that when Voluntary schools in Wales are deprived of their share of the education rate, the necessary funds shall be supplied by the Board of Education and deducted from the Parliamentary grant to the local authority. Mr. Lloyd-George proposes that when this happens, the local authority shall decline to apply the rate even to its own schools, that the managers shall resign, and that the whole responsibility shall be thrown upon the Board. If this scheme should be carried out, Welsh children will be deprived of all education, except such extemporised teaching as may be

given in Nonconformist chapels and mission rooms. The total cessation of the rate is expected to paralyse the whole educational machinery. It is conceivable, however, that by adhering to their present plan the Government might keep the Voluntary schools going, and fill them with Nonconformist children whose parents have a greater stake in the educational interests of the country than Mr. Lloyd-George. It is also conceivable that the managers of the local-authority schools may not care to resign and starve at his bidding. But if they are willing to make this sacrifice the situation will be grave.

Statements in RIGHTS OF both Houses of NEUTRALS. Parliament show that the Government are maintaining a vigorous protest against the sinking of neutral merchantmen by Russian cruisers. Heavy compensation will be exacted for the destruction of the *Knight Commander*. But the most pressing question affects the very existence of our trade in Far Eastern waters. It is significant that consignments which Russia has declared to be contraband have been refused by the P. and O. Company, but accepted by the Hamburg-American line. German shippers

are willing to run the risk of seizure, or they have reason to believe that the risk, in their case, is only hypothetical. Suggestions are rife that there is an understanding between the Russian and German Governments, the effect of which is to be a benevolent discrimination by Russian naval officers for the benefit of German trade. The case of the *Thea*, sunk by the Russians and then condemned by the Vladivostok Prize Court, scarcely bears out this speculation. But the Hamburg-American line is doubling its service to Japan, while the P. and O. Company and other British lines are withdrawing their ships. Unless out commerce is to suffer serious and lasting injury, the Government must take more decisive measures for its protection than the writing of protests, and the discussion of international law.

MR. MELTON PRIOR'S
MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Melton Prior writes from the Far East on July 18: "My patience has at last been rewarded, and I am on my way to see the great fight for Port Arthur, which cannot fail to be one of the greatest military events of the century." Mr. Melton Prior sailed on board the ss. *Empress of China*, and, unless the fates have proved all the more adverse, the doyen of the war correspondents ought now to be obtaining the most interesting records he has made in five-and-twenty campaigns as our Special Artist.

THE LATE
MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT.

Mr. Justice Wright, who died on Aug. 13 at Headley Park, Hants, has not long survived his resignation of his seat on the judicial bench. Sir Robert Samuel Wright was born in 1839, at Litton, in Somersetshire, where his father was Rector. From the local grammar school he passed to Balliol with a scholarship. In the Schools he took his two Firsts with ease, and added to his distinctions the Craven Scholarship, the English Essay, the Arnold Essay, and a Fellowship at Oriel. For a time the routine of Donnish life and work sufficed him, but at length he came up to London and joined the Bar. His manner told against him with solicitors, but he found the way to eminence through another channel. Rathbone engaged him as assistant in the preparation of the Bankruptcy Bill, which led to his receiving a general retainer as Rathbone's private adviser and



Photo, Nicholls and Byrne.

THE PROBABLE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF EX-PRESIDENT
KRUGER: THE FAMILY GRAVE AT PRETORIA.

Mrs. Kruger is buried beneath the stone on the right. The other graves are those of relatives.

Parliamentary draughtsman. In ten years he had built up a splendid practice. Men came to understand him, and to value the real qualities that lurked behind his apparent lack of polish. In 1890 he was raised to the Bench, where he shone less in criminal than in civil cases, from the fact that his real kindness made him carry to excess the theory that the Judge is the prisoner's advocate. Doubtless, had he lived, he would have found his place in the Court of Appeal.

A FIGHT AMONG GLACIERS: AN INCIDENT OF THE TIBETAN CAMPAIGN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



THE LAST PHASE OF THE ATTACK ON THE KARO-LA POSITION, 2 P.M., JULY 18.

While the 40th Pathans pursued the rear of the Tibetans up the hills to the left, the enemy's walls were demolished. These defences had been found unoccupied, and the Gurkhas had cleared the heights of the enemy. Some of the Tibetans were firing from another craggy mountain separated from the former hills by glaciers; but shrapnel and a charge of Pathans drove them out. The scene was one of extraordinary picturesqueness—the action being fought at a height of 16,000 feet above sea-level. The heights cleared by the Gurkhas and Pathans were over 18,000 feet high.

"EACH MAN A HOUSEHOLD": THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT OF THE JAPANESE PRIVATE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



TROOPS, WITH FULL KIT, EMBARKING FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE STEPS AT SHIMONOSEKI.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "I was very much struck with the way in which the regiment went on board the transport at Shimonoseki. The men were marched down to the Custom House Wharf straight into large boats, and then a tug hauled them out to the ship, to the accompaniment of yells, 'Banzais!' and flag-waving. Everything was most orderly. The men are very heavily weighted, as they carry their entire kit, greatcoat, rug, and waterproof sheet, on the knapsack, and spare boots. Each man is a household; and it is perfectly marvellous how they can stand upright, much less march with it all."

THE BETTER WAY.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE.

CHAPTER III.

The newspapers and her men's letters were all that Helen Mortimer had to feed upon for the next two months. Abroad, the army fought and plodded, lost ground and regained it; at home, a vaster and an unarmed army watched the uplifted hand of Fate, powerless to avert its stroke, living from one hour to the next. Helen moved cheerfully among her friends in its ranks, turning little Elsie's thoughts to the chubby babies, diving into back-waters after wives and waifs of Roger's troopers, sitting beside Lady Henry, who had three sons with Mortimer, and could ease herself by fretfully blaming his wife when a distracted War Office failed to give her news of them. Lord Henry was no longer in office; he professed to be taking his ease, but the pretence of it was hollow; he, too, found Helen a relief, her trust in the man of his choice a staff to lean upon.

They were long months, and the nation had lost its ancient reserve; papers buzzed at delays, shrieked hysterically at checks; the dark days came, and the agony of defeat struck deep into the heart of London. It was not, thank God! Mortimer; gradually it came that all eyes were bent on Mortimer. He had played a waiting game; the other Generals had flung men forward and expended them; the First Army Corps

drew back sullenly, waiting to strike. Letters from it were full of veiled and unveiled dislike of the man who would not move; the Folkestones (and their mother passed it on) clamoured to be transferred to another command under a "fighting General"—better defeat than inactivity. Mortimer had topped waves of unpopularity before; he was in the breakers now. Helen had never admired him so much: his indifference to the smother of contumely was an exhibition of iron nerves; his cutting himself adrift from the suggestions of harassed Ministers at home a master-stroke. And then, just as all patience was at its limits, he advanced:

"Mortimer's First Brigade moves," said the telegram of over-night, and London went to sleep, as best it could, on that.

Helen's last letter from her husband had been curt but explicit. The enemy were putting out their heads at him; they were getting careless; they were beginning to believe that it was cowardice that kept these stupid islanders from lumbering up to be dismembered piecemeal. "They won't hold together another three weeks; then they split, and I have them," Mortimer wrote. It came a fortnight later, and the armies vanished into the bloody dust of a two days' battle, and the censor closed down upon the news for which the world waited.

At the end of forty-eight hours suspense became unendurable. There were wild rumours in the air; a catch-penny sheet flared at Helen as she drove to the Folkestones' to get, if possible, through them at the back of things. "Reported Reverse of British Troops. A Thousand Men Captured." She turned away from it scornfully; but her heart was sick.

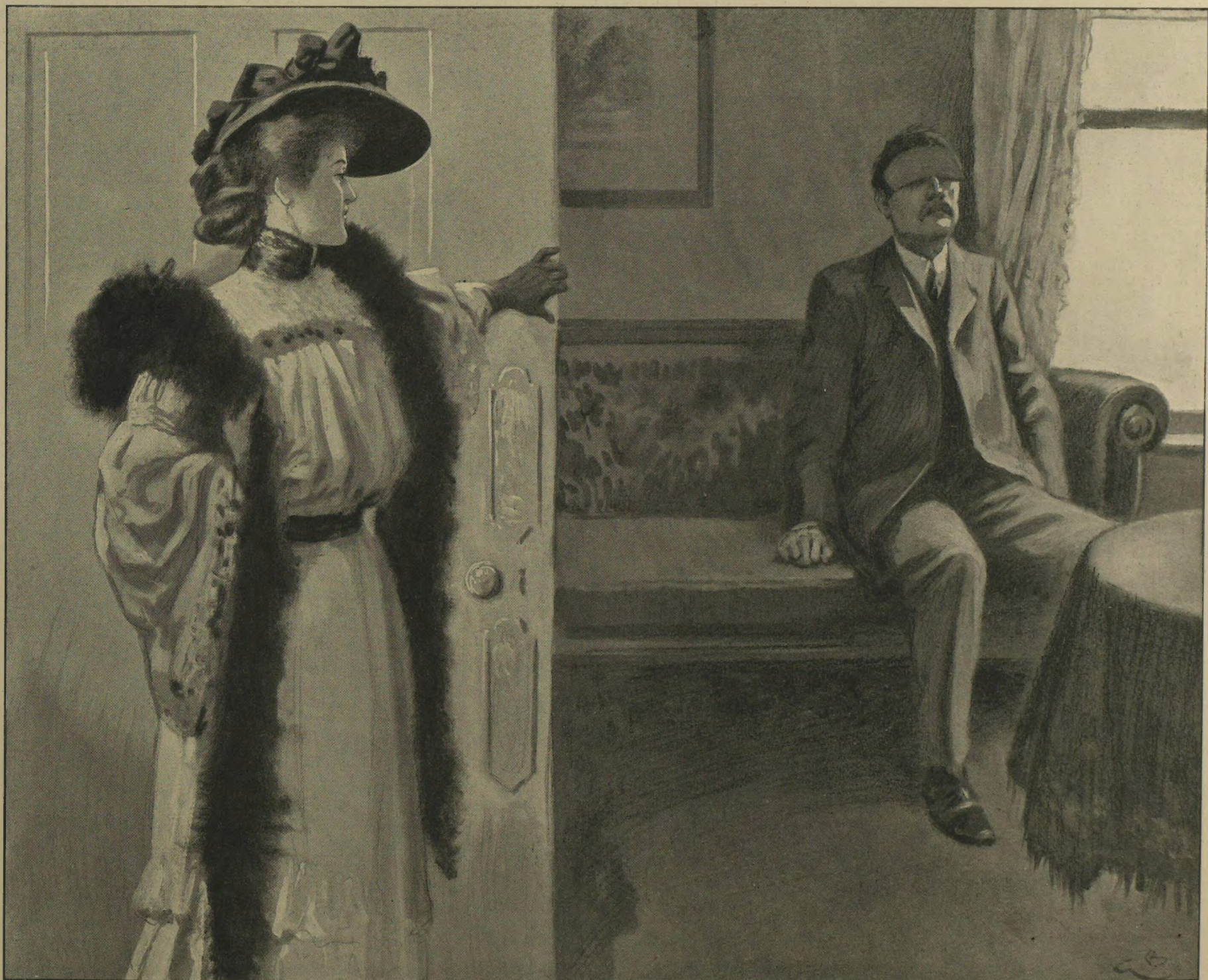
Lord Henry was on the doorstep, deep in a fur coat, waiting for the brougham. Lady Henry, shaken, old-looking, bereft of her arrogance, hovered in the background. She had the rag which was selling in the street crumpled under her fingers.

"I have not read it," Helen said. "Is there anything—"

"Lies, my child. Lies!" the old woman cried fiercely, and Lord Henry handed the General's wife into his carriage and shut the door.

"I am going to headquarters, you know," he said. "I suppose that is where you want to be taken?"

She nodded, and they did not speak again until they reached their destination. There he vanished into an inner room, and Helen sat by a fire that could not warm her, and saw the bounds of her endurance narrowing. Something was wrong; there was an ominous air in the building; the well-dressed crowd at its doors



So much the first stab of vision discovered to her, and Mortimer spoke first.

was still untold, and yet she was sure that there was news. Presently, after an age-long half-hour, Lord Henry came back again.

"Your boys—?" Helen said at sight of his face, with her hands out to him.

"Dear lady," Lord Henry Folkestone said, "the boys, I trust God, are well enough. Roger has a scratch—it is all; he'll wire to you, no doubt. He's down as slightly wounded; you can tell Elsie by-and-by. A scratch! That is the truth."

She saw that it was; but she saw, too, that there was more to tell.

"George—?"

"Sit down, Helen," the old man said paternally, leading her to a chair. "Oh, I am not going to mince matters; I know your stuff; you will take it as a brave woman. There has been a mess, my dear, a shocking mess; and Mortimer is wounded."

"Wounded!"

"That's all we know. It would have said if he had been badly hurt."

"Wounded!" Helen beat back the winged thoughts that closed in upon her. "And—defeated?"

"Well, I don't know. These huge operations—" He hesitated. "He has astonished the enemy—no doubt of that. But they caught him napping somehow; they crumpled up his right wing. That infernal halfpenny paper had part of the truth, though not the best part, of course—you may take that for granted."

"It is impossible," Helen said, with a vehemence that astonished herself. "He was not taken unawares. They did not surprise him. It was not in their power. Tell me, please, all you know of what happened."

He did not know so very much, it appeared, and the story was fragmentary, waiting for details until the later news came in. They had fought, the battle of the modern soldier against invisibilities, with a masterly disposition of Mortimer's forces, for two days and a night. The enemy had given way, had been squeezed inch by inch into what was destined to be his death-trap. After that it was that the change came. He had broken out—how, Lord Henry could not say; he had torn Mortimer's right wing asunder, driving a panic-stricken regiment into wholesale surrender. He had escaped with a lesson and a shaking, but still escaped, a balance of prisoners in his favour.

"It is strange," Folkestone said. "It went so well at first—he had 'em; he had 'em in his hand when the second day was done. It couldn't have been the men! They're what they always were."

"It was not George," Helen persisted. She sat stonily, turning the news of disaster over and over. Then, rising into light, she caught her friend's arm with a cry.

"He was wounded, Lord Henry; he was wounded, then! Do you see how it happened? Ah! It was his only fault: he held the reins too hard; he kept his own counsel. His plans were in his mind, not shared or understood; when he was taken away there was nobody to interpret them, or nobody patient enough, perhaps, to follow his sure method to victory. He made no error, but this is the hand of God."

She had found the truth; they learned it afterwards, while George Mortimer, at the base hospital, lay blind and helpless, waiting to be moved home, and the gossips tore his early reputation to shreds. The heroic side of his fall escaped them. He had never been popular. He was silent, and the fighting-line that he had nursed went on far from him, over the trampled ground of his great struggle, to meet a weakened enemy. Afterwards—it was years afterwards, when the dispassionate historians reviewed the war, and George Mortimer's genius came to belated recognition—the half-accomplished action was written down as the pivot of victory; its fruit reaped tardily, but none the less surely harvested. But at present the shock of shame and disappointment hardened men's hearts and dimmed their vision: the surly General had spent himself, and now he might get home as he pleased. They would not throw stones at a wounded man—so far they were magnanimous; but they bore him too deep a grudge to welcome him.

IV.

Roger Caldwell, half invalid himself, brought Mortimer back. At Portsmouth, where there was a morning drizzle, and a few idlers gaped, and Helen had been forbidden to come, he put him into a cab, gave the name of a Southsea lodging to the driver, and stood helplessly by while he drove away.

He had had to swallow his own protests. He saw him go, alone, and came himself, sadly enough, and miserably puzzled, to Helen; and even reunion with Elsie stood aside. He went guiltily into the house in Sloane Street, which was ready with every device to spare a blind man, and told his strange story with a sparing hand. It seemed so incredible to Roger that a soul in trouble—and he had read Mortimer's agony through his grim reserve—should turn away from Helen. She asked no questions: she had taken it as she took all serious matters, silently; but Roger felt a deepening of her reserve, the tension of restraint laid hardly, by her own firm will, upon her. He took her dear hand and kissed it, and so went home, to the healing grace of Elsie's happiness.

An hour after he had left her, Helen was at Victoria Station. There was only one thing possible to do; and as the train rattled and jangled to Portsmouth she beat out, patiently, taking the shame of it for her due punishment, the reason why George Mortimer refused to face her. The door of his secret chamber stood open at last; it had not been a blank wall. There were things revealed, in this unbarring, that made her memories of past security a hot humiliation. She had walked so near to it all the while, lifting her skirt aside, turning her head,

priding herself—God forgive her!—upon her tolerance; she saw now what she had not permitted herself to see then—now, when it might be that the mischief wrought was past undoing. Mortimer's implacability had never confronted her before: the railway journey gave her time to realise what its strength might be to a woman who faced it, as she must do, with her best weapons blunted, and her assurance gone.

Slowly, she built up understanding, until the last stone upon the fabric stood in place. . . . He had come to Southsea because he had spent his childhood there; because to a blind man the familiar streets would be less baffling than strange ones. . . . All places were henceforth to be a great dreariness to him, and he had looked the fact in the face with his old scorn of evasion.

She drove to the address Roger had given, keeping her outward calm, her brave face, with an effort strange to her. If he should hide himself behind brutal words, deserved contempt—! But even then she would know that he was there; she would not be beaten in her quest; the door was open at last, and no terrors upon its threshold might forbid her entrance. She was suffering, too, as well as he: she did not know she had this capacity for anguish; she hugged it because it gave her privilege. She was tasting, at last, the bitterness of a pain dealt by one whose life was too entangled in hers for hasty unravelling; her aloofness was gone; she was groping towards a human hand, and this, because she could take her hurt to no other, the hand that had wounded her.

The cab stopped below a bow-window overlooking the common. The untidy maid-servant stared after the strange lady with the white face who demanded entry so softly. Helen went upstairs and opened a door, and, entering, closed it behind her.

For the moment, all that she saw was her husband's shaded eyes and the upward slant of his face. The fact of his blindness seemed to spring at her, to seize upon her as if she had not thought of it, night and day, ever since she had heard where his wound lay. It was more terrible in reality than any thought could make it, because it fitted him so ill.

Mortimer was sitting on a low sofa, his arms rigid on each side of him, his neck outstretched, very thin, very gaunt, with a ravening eagerness of hearing stark upon his face. The fierce eyes were quenched, but there was the old intolerance harsh about his heavy mouth, and there was upon him the impatience of a caged beast, the straining of a strong, trapped thing. His clothes were unnaturally neat; but his hair, newly grey, was ruffled by the elastic band of the shade, as if he had not yet lost the habit of lifting it, in the vain hope of finding light beyond.

So much the first stab of vision discovered to her, and Mortimer spoke first.

"Who's there?" he said, leaning forward upon his palms.

Helen came over and stood before him.

"I have come here to ask you to come home, George," she said.

"I thought I knew your step," Mortimer said, shifting his attitude to adjust it to the position of the voice above him. "I told Roger to tell you not to come."

"Did you think I should obey it?"

"Oh, no," Mortimer said, with a little short laugh. "I hoped you would spare me all this; but I didn't really think you would. You see me, don't you? You know I—! I had rather you didn't. There! Will you go away now? Go back to the life up yonder, and knock the best out of it you can. Believe me, that will suit me well enough, and a hundred times better than anything else you can suggest."

"George, your home is waiting for you. I waited. Come to it. Come to me."

"Oh, you want chapter and verse," he said. He wrenched the shade up. "Here—look here! What is that like? Is it pretty? Is it a thing for a woman to live with?"

She did not stir.

"My dear, there is nothing in that to cause me a single feeling except sorrow for the distress it gives you," she said.

He covered his seamed, scarred face again, listening.

"You didn't shrink back, or catch your breath! No-o—you didn't! But, then, you were always a woman in a thousand. Well, if that does not do, you force me to the rest. . . ." He drew a long breath, visibly bracing himself for the attack.

"You thought I didn't quite understand the terms we stood upon, didn't you, Helen? I understood them quite well, but I thought I could do enough by my own hand to—to make amends. And so I should if that cursed shell had not—! Ralston hated me; I kept my thumb on him, and when I went, Ralston got his chance. His chance—his! Lord, and they howl after me for the rout! I tell you, if I hadn't had my innings first it would have been more than a defeat; it would have been a massacre. Do you know what he did? If you get me a pencil and paper I'll show you—"

He pulled up dead, with his infirmity jarring savagely upon him. He sat silent for an instant, and the unseen tears ran down Helen's face.

"I forgot; and besides, all that is outside the question, and it is likely enough you will believe it as little as the rest."

"I knew it before I was told," Helen said.

"You're crying!" For the first time the hardness stripped itself from his voice. "Helen—Helen! Oh, for the Lord's sake, for the sake of what I might have been, don't pity me! That's past bearing. I can stand the rest."

"I beg your pardon," his wife said, and steadied her voice with a supreme effort. She waited; and presently he took up his story again.

"It was a bargain between us—I'll cut it short now—that I should marry you, a woman a hundred times better than I in every possible way, and give

you something to feel proud of, something of your own. Oh, yes; it was never said; but we both knew it. I was a selfish brute, because I knew I wasn't equal to you, my company indifferent to you and all that—but when a man's that way he's mad, Helen. He must have the woman, whatever she may cost him. If he's not ready to risk his immortal soul for her, he's no man. And I said, when you gave me that much of yourself, so good and generous and womanly with it, I said—'She shall have something worth having for repayment.' . . . And you backed me up, and I believed it was going to be. Now there is nothing; and God forbid that I should live on your charity. It's not in my nature. The thing is done with. You have to go your way, and I to go mine; and all because of a d—d accident there was no guarding against."

"I want you, just as you want me," Helen said. He threw his head back with a little jerk of incredulity.

"Don't let us have any pretence of—love brought into it," he said. "You never felt that for me, Helen; and I don't know that I would have thought the more of you if you had. It couldn't be. A woman of your stamp can't love a man of mine."

Was that true? Was it, because of their fundamental differences, wholly impossible? Perhaps he knew these things, by an unreasoning instinct, better than she could.

"I am not going to import anything that is false," she said. "You must believe me when I say that I want you; you must accept that, George."

"Why?" Mortimer said curiously.

Helen paused for a moment, withdrawing herself and looking down at him.

"I owe you an apology for our life together," she said at last.

"Expiation! That won't do—in you," said Mortimer, tugging at the shade.

"It is not quite that," she said gently. Again she waited, looking at his unseeing face. She was putting aside—not easily, because it had guarded her life for a long time, and she had enjoyed security and retreat behind it—her barrier of reserve. She was very woman; she was of the same stuff as the rest, though perhaps a little closer woven; it was right that George Mortimer should come to know her as she was.

"I did you a great wrong when I married you," she said; "but I did myself a greater, and knowingly. I took from you more than I could give. . . . Stop! It is true. I gave you little more of—myself than I gave to the rest of my friends; perhaps if I had been really generous, I could have kept you as a friend only, which was the honest way. But I wronged you both in this—in thinking that anything—*anything*—could be a substitute for love in wedded life. I tried to stand alone, and beside you, which was a manifest impossibility, and has hurt us both to the heart to-day. I wanted to keep my little holy of holies—with its stuffed idols! I was selfish; I looked the other way that I might not see the harm I did. There is no means by which we can escape such follies as these; here, you see, they have overtaken me."

"George, it is well for us, in one way, that trouble has come. We might have gone on living in the old, ugly fashion till you were lost in your hard ambition and I in my selfishness, and we both forgot our places in the real world. My dear, I do not care, except for your sake at this moment, that you failed. No! I am glad you failed; because I have failed in my great battle too. Let us take hands and go back again and try to do better."

She suited a movement to her words, hesitated, stooped, and kissed him on the forehead.

Mortimer's fingers closed over hers. He had his head down, and he drew her hands together before him.

"But you don't love me. You can't live with a man you don't love," he said. She could not see him speaking, but she could hear him jerk the words out unsteadily. "I'm not a whole man, either; I'm a blind beggar."

"What have I done for six years?" she said. "No, I don't love you as the few understand love, not—God help me!—as you understand it. That is a gift; it does not come to everyone. I think I do not sufficiently set myself aside; I have held back—but that I shall do no more. It may be, if you will teach me, I shall learn. But, George, you are mine; you and I belong to each other; you will help me; be strong when I am weak, be patient with me, and—and—forgive me my cowardice. Oh, if I am to live without high love, help me to know how to live near to tenderness and affection, and the good friend who will teach me to be more of a woman! Are you going to refuse me that?"

"You want it?" Mortimer said, swinging his face a-tilt again, with a slow movement, for fear he might lose a sound of her.

"Before all things," she said. She was fighting her last skirmish; and presently she spoke again.

"We have to try to live in touch with each other and with the world outside. We can't live on vantage grounds; I—I have lost mine, I know. Our devices have failed us, we confess. There must be a better way. If we can come to a common level; if we can help each other to patience and—and a wider charity, perhaps we shall find it in the end. Come home, my dear."

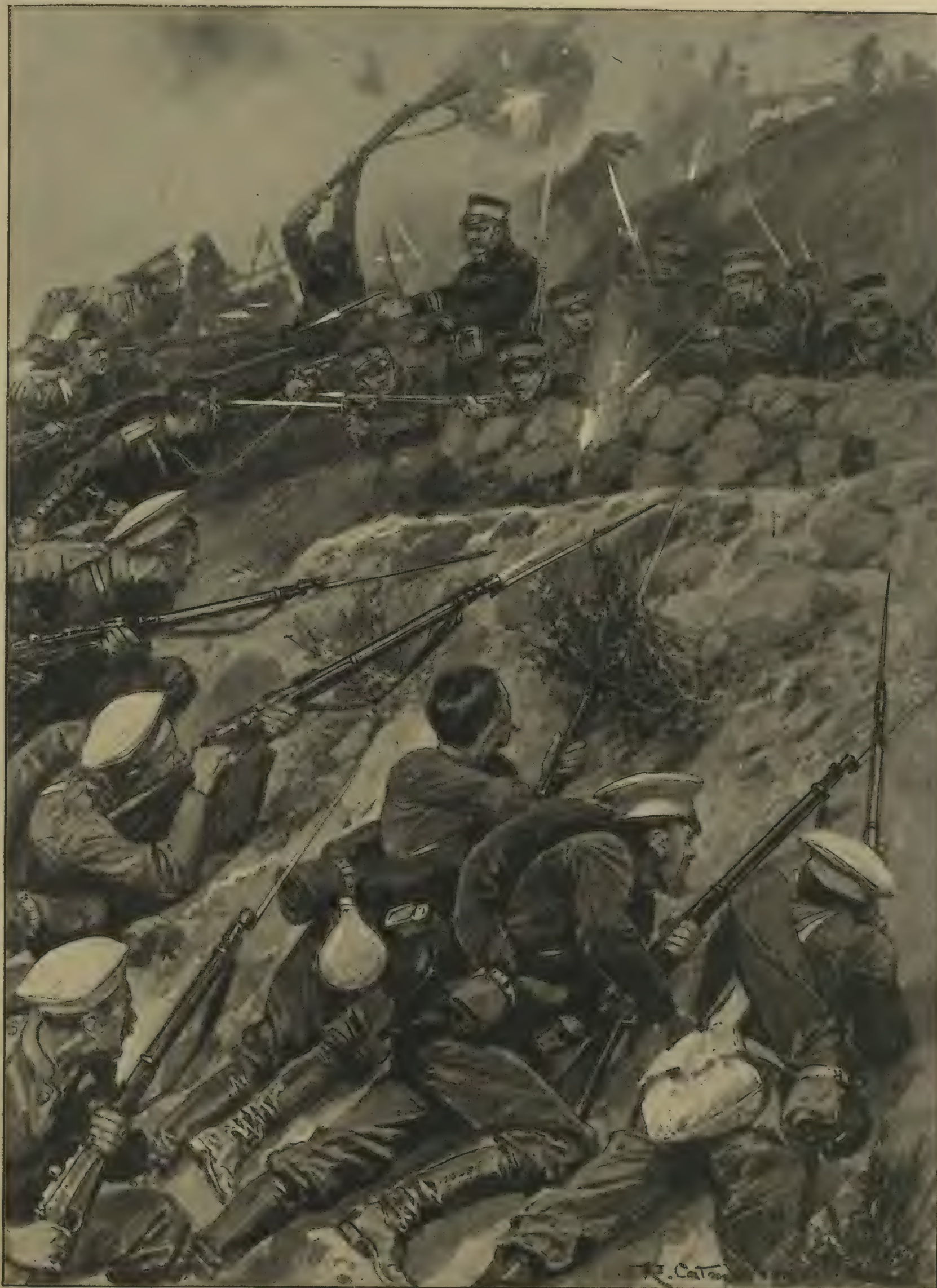
Mortimer groped, trying to raise himself to meet this new subtlety of hers upright, like a man. That it was possible she might need him—! His defences were being undermined. She guided him to his feet, a woman leading a blind man to safety. There was more in the action: she had sought him, she held to him, would not, for her own eager sake, let him go. Mortimer took a step forward into certainty.

So they should progress, slowly because of her frailty and his affliction, and yet two hopeful travellers upon the great highway.

THE END.

THE DEADLOCK AT TELISSU: "THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER."

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



HAND-TO-HAND: RUSSIANS AND JAPANESE AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

During the fight at Telissu the Russians crept so close up to the Japanese trenches that in some places neither side could use their rifles, owing to an intervening rise in the ground. Finally, the Japanese began to hurl down stones upon their adversaries.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

The King's Classics and The King's Poets. New Additions to the Series. (London: De La More Press.)

In the King's County. By E. Kay Robinson. (London: Isbister. 6s.)
One Doubtful Hour. By Ella Hepworth Dixon. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

The Pan-Germanic Doctrine. (London: Harpers. 10s. 6d.)

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Bookplates. By Edward Almack, F.S.A. (London: Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Web of Indian Life. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble) of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. (London: Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

That admirably contrived series of choice reprints, "The King's Classics," has lately been enriched by the addition of three volumes, "Cupid and Psyche," from the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, newly edited by W. H. D. Rous; "The History of Fulk FitzWarren," done into English by Alice Kemp-Welch; and Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale," modernised by Professor Skeat. The curious nature-magic of Apuleius and the characterisation of his stories will throw a new light on classical literature for readers who know little about the original, and who do not readily associate easy charm with the writings of the ancient authors. (Incidentally, it is a pity that the editor, in a note, has, by a slip, used the transitive verb "laid" where he obviously intended the intransitive "lay.") It is impossible to be altogether thankful for Dr. Skeat's modernisation of the "Man of Law's Tale." The work is deft and ingenious enough, but it loses the perfect simplicity and force of the original in order to maintain the rhyme. One turned eagerly to the magnificent simile in stanza 645, a passage that touches the high-water mark of Chaucer's picturesque methods—only to grieve over it as one does over a friend altered by grievous illness. But, of course, there are many who will not master the slight difficulties of Chaucer's grammar and language, and it is better that they should know the father of English poetry in modern guise than not know him at all. The same publishers are also issuing "The King's Poets," of which series we have received William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere."

There are few more careful and reliable students of country life than Mr. E. Kay Robinson, and his new volume, "In the King's County," marks progress in observation and in style. Mr. Robinson knows his Norfolk thoroughly, and brings to the study of its wild life a measure of sympathetic and discerning interest that gives enduring value to his work. Even if some of the chapters are no more than fugitive sketches reprinted, they cannot be deemed unworthy of preservation from the fate that awaits most contributions to the daily or weekly Press. We know too little about the wild life that surrounds us on all sides; and ignorance leads to the destruction of many living things that should enjoy protection. Mr. Robinson's protest against the inclusion of the kestrel and barn-owl in the gamekeeper's kitchen has been made before, but it must needs be made again, for the average gamekeeper declines to depart from the traditions in which he was nurtured. We find in this book a very wise recognition of the truth that all the phenomena of seasons, the good and the bad alike, serve in their own fashion to advance the work that Nature has in hand. Our childish complaints against weather and seasons are made in ignorance of the real part that every change plays in the slow development of the countryside, and this fact is brought home to us very clearly in the book under notice. If Mr. Robinson has not yet done for his native village all that Gilbert White did for Selborne, it must be confessed that Great Britain would be fortunate in securing for every county at least one observer as shrewd and painstaking as the author of "In the King's County."

Miss Dixon has collected a number of her short stories, which are of unequal merit—unequal, that is to say, in substance, not in manner. They are all told with great skill; but the human interest varies. In "One Doubtful Hour," which gives its name to the volume, that interest reaches a painful intensity by the merciless truth of the observation: A suffering woman, mean and petty as her egoism may be, is a tragic figure when she is vivisected for us in this fashion. "Its Own Reward" is another grim picture out of the tangle of life. For readers who do not care to be harrowed or disquieted by the human enigma, there is plenty of cheerful matter in a book which has the note of distinction we expect from the author of the "Story of a Modern Woman."

The anonymous author of "The Pan-Germanic Doctrine" seeks to prove, out of the mouths of its professors, the seriousness of the aim underlying "Pan-Germanism." There is more in it, he declares, than is generally supposed, even by the majority of Germans—certainly by ourselves. Officially, it is true, the German Government has nothing to do with it. The party which avows it is small, though it makes a great deal of noise; it has no fixed Parliamentary representation; however much influence it may have—and it claims to have much—among the various sections of Parliament. But at the root of Pan-Germanism is an instinct for national unity; in the appeal to Pan-Germanism there might easily come to be heard the call of patriotism. It does not matter whether the majority of those who sing "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles," disclaim being Pan-Germans, so long as behind its lusty notes there exists the "Allddeutsch" sentiment. Neither the song nor the sentiment, it may be said, matters anything at all to anybody save the Germans themselves. But the peculiarity of the Pan-Germanic doctrine is that it issues a challenge to half the world. It is not, like the Monroe doctrine, purely negative. On its militant side, at any rate, it is a positive declaration of "Deutschland über alles" carried into Austro-Hungary, Holland, Belgium, South America, and many other countries, sufficient unto themselves, which cannot but have

their tranquillity disturbed by the "Remember-you-are-a-German" propagandism. The author proves his case that there is this militant side to Pan-Germanism, and that it is deserving of serious consideration. It is, no doubt, an amusing manifestation of "swollen head"; but from "swollen headedness" may proceed much mischief.

Mr. Churchill is a competent and painstaking romancer; but he fails somehow to give much vitality to his dramatic personages, historical and fictitious. "The Crossing" is a long, a very long story about American frontier life in the old Colonial days. Inevitably it touches the War of Independence. We see the British fleet beaten off by a little fort in Charleston Bay. Governor Hamilton surrenders to Colonel Clark, and the English reader will feel abashed at the thought that he takes little interest in either of them. There is a sketch of Andrew Jackson in his early days, and we have a glimpse of Daniel Boone, the mighty hunter, and the terror of the Indians. Many of us have pleasant schoolboy recollections of Boone. But who in the world was General Wilkinson, whose health is proposed with florid eloquence by Colonel Clark? Mr. Churchill's American readers will know all about those Revolutionary heroes, and all about the bickerings between Congress and Virginia. But they are mighty dull on this side of the water. There are many pages about Indian warfare, and the prowess of the hero, who shoots various Redskins just in the nick of time. But surely this is rather stale even for American school-boys. The hero's modesty is constantly tried by the praises of his elders. When Colonel Clark pays a compliment to his courage, he grows hot all over. This is repeated so often, and with so little art, that it becomes tiresome affectation. The hero has a dashing cousin, who is always in some scrape or other; but long before we are at the end of his scrapes he has ceased to be interesting. The book is well written in a laborious way, but half of it might have been left out without being missed.

The cult of the bookplate will receive little impetus from the issue of Mr. Edward Almack's contribution to the "Little Books on Art." Unfortunately—for the collection of *ex libris* is by no means the most futile of literary hobbies—the author has contrived to render a fascinating subject wondrously dull. He has chosen to write in the unambitious, unacademic manner peculiar to the text-book: his enthusiasm frequently outweighs his style, occasionally in extraordinary degree. It is not easy to appreciate such sentences as: "Before quite leaving Dürer, the earliest dated German bookplate should be named, as some think that he had a hand in it, especially as it was for a friend of his, Hieronymus Ebner von Eschenbach, born in Nuremberg on the 5th of January, 1477, educated at Ingolstadt, and afterwards in the household of the Emperor Maximilian, he became a learned lawyer and judge"; and "A bookplate in two sizes, engraved for Claude Sarrau, Councillor to the Parliament of Paris. He died in 1651," etc. Nor is it sufficient to dismiss the wreath and armorial bookplate of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, for instance, with the curt remark that it "is almost more pleasing to behold than one could expect to have been chosen by one of the very sternest old Puritans that ever breathed; but, after all, John Quincy Adams was a scholar and man of affairs, who from early boyhood had travelled much, and in good company"—unless an illustration of the plate in question be given. Mr. Almack has missed an excellent opportunity, and the result is less a history than a catalogue.

There is a dreamy attractiveness about Miss Noble's book on what she is pleased to consider Indian life, but what most people who know India would describe as a small corner of life in Bengal. It is essentially a book of dreams, instinct with meditation on Indian philosophy, on the illusiveness of the external world. But to speak of the web of Indian life is bold. Miss Noble is not thinking of the fighting races of the North, of the fanatical Mohammedans, of the ease-loving princely dynasties from whom centuries of inaction have too often taken all initiative, of the sturdy peasants intent on their crops; hardly, indeed, of the craftsmen of great cities, of the babbling politicians, of the multitudes of clever young men turned out by our schools, whose one hope is to find a Government appointment. It is hard to see of what she is speaking. To write on the systems of Fichte and Hegel, interposing a few remarks on Luther, Calvin, and the Romantic Movement, would not be to represent the web of European life (or even of German life). Yet this is very much what she has done with India. She longs to believe in Indian unity, and has almost written herself into the belief. India, a nation, based on the Vedas and the Upanishads! A pleasant fancy—but what should we say of one who imagined Europe a nation founded on the "Divina Commedia"? Even on Hinduism she is, through her idealism, misleading. She has a perfect right to her eclectic Hinduism, but it is not the whole matter. The pure philosophy is there; the lofty religious thought underlying the worship of such deities as Vishnu is there—but so are the degraded rites, the sordid superstitions. Hinduism has its serene ascetics: it also has its hook-swingers. The web of Indian life comprises the latter: Miss Noble's book does not. She writes with eloquence on the assimilation of Islam in India to Hinduism in certain aspects, but one would hardly gather from her pages that Indian Moslems have undergone Hindu influences chiefly in the direction of observing caste-distinctions which to a true Moslem are not only unlawful, but blasphemous. Nor do we hear from her, when she speaks of the Sikh religion, of the former persecution of Sikh gurus by Mohammedan princes. On Indian womanhood she writes eloquently, yet does not mention the dead weight of Hindu feminine conservatism which sentences so many girls to physical misery, if not to the degradation which some of us too lightly suppose.

RENAISSANCE PRINCES AND POETS.

It is fortunate when the student of the Italian Renaissance has enough of the novelist's gift to enliven his researches with a human interest. The lucubrations of Dr. Dryasdust may be excellent and very valuable, but if he cannot make the times of which he writes actually live again, and people them with their appropriate figures, his work cannot be purely constructive, and must remain in the stage of material. Mr. Edmund Gardner has already proved that in him are happily combined the gifts of the historian and the novelist. No one could read his exquisite study, "Desiderio," without being persuaded that it is built upon a magnificent foundation of knowledge of that awakening and turbulent Italy which to know is to have advanced far upon the road of culture. In his latest work, "Dukes and Poets of Ferrara" (Constable), he has a subject made to his hand, and from a ponderous mass of material he has striven to recreate, with a lightness and sympathy of touch short of which there had been no true success, the history of the first really modern city of Europe. Ferrara's Dukes, scions of the magnificent House of Este, were among the earliest and most enthusiastic patrons of the new learning. The greatest of her rulers was the second Duke, Ercole I. d'Este, and with him in the realm of letters the historian ranks Ludovico Ariosto. This union between the ruling house and the professors of the new learning is discussed by Mr. Gardner in his chapter on "Princes and Humanists."

The first of the House of Este in whom the spirit of the Renaissance finds some manifestation—albeit it was conjoined with much mediæval savagery—was the Marquis Niccolo. Not one of the Marquis's many sons did the law recognise. The eldest, Ugo, could not be too much indulged; the younger were brought up with the strictest parsimony. There is a curious glimpse of the life of two of them, Borso and Meliaduse, as students at the Universities of Bologna and Padua. We feel ourselves brought curiously near these ancient times when we read that the young men were kept short of clothes, that the number of their servants was to be limited, and that the Chamberlain of each town in which they resided was to see to it that they were not to have friends to dine with them. But with Ugo it was far otherwise, and this heightens the romantic tragedy for ever associated with his name, and celebrated by Byron and many another poet. Niccolo married as his second wife the beautiful Parisina de' Malatesta, and the Marchese and Marchesana rivalled each other in heaping favours upon the eldest son. Parisina was very young, hence the dire tragedy with Ugo. Detected (they were betrayed by a waiting-maid), Ugo and his step-mother were consigned to a horrible dungeon beneath the Tower of the Lions, which is still shown in the Castello Vecchio at Ferrara. Mr. Gardner, who has examined the story with great care, mentions another view as to the exact place of their imprisonment, but this small detail matters little. It is known that after a brief captivity Ugo and Parisina both died by the headsman's axe. His vengeance almost cost Niccolo his reason. On the night following the execution, he paced up and down the halls and passages of his palace in desperate grief, now gnawing his sceptre with his teeth, now calling passionately upon the name of his dead son, or crying out for his own death. He is said to have issued an edict ordering that many noble ladies who resembled Parisina should share her fate; but, in justice to Ferrarese humanity, be it noted, in only one instance does the sentence seem to have been carried out.

Yet the fierce Niccolo, by the act of justice that cost him his best-beloved son, had thus unconsciously opened up a new era of enlightenment for Ferrara and for Italy. One of his younger sons, Leonello, succeeded to Ugo's place in the Marquis's affections. This youth had already declared himself a scholar, and his father was desirous to find some fit master who should superintend the young man's studies and train him in letters as Braccio da Montone had done in arms. The youth suggested the engagement of Guarino Veronese, who afterwards occupied the Chair of Eloquence and of Greek and Latin Letters at Ferrara, and made that city one of the most cultivated and learned in Italy. When Leonello succeeded his father, he proved himself a true humanist upon the throne, and in his patronage of polite letters he was a worthy precursor of Lorenzo de' Medici. He lived till 1450, and was succeeded by his son Borso, who raised Ferrara to its height of fame and glory, and added to his titles that of Duke of Modena. After him came Ercole, the mightiest figure of the Ferrarese nobility, of whose splendour Mr. Gardner writes in the finely named chapter "Under the Sceptre of Alcides."

Ercole, as the greatest figure in politics, and Ariosto in poetry, were the pivots of Ferrarese life during that splendid time, within which can be traced an extraordinary break and the introduction of a new impetus. The year 1508, when the League of Cambrai was concluded, may be marked as the turning point between the early and the full Renaissance. The two periods are distinctly manifested in the verse and prose of Ariosto, and a parallel can be traced in the development of contemporary Ferrarese painting. In the present book, however, Mr. Gardner has not considered Ariosto so fully as he promises to do in a second volume already well in hand. He has given us fascinating studies of Duke Ercole's relations with Boiardo, with Savonarola, and other great figures of the period; and the romance, charm, and wickedness of the worst of the Borgia women find adequate expression in the section entitled, "The Coming of Madonna Lucrezia." To Mr. Gardner's succeeding volume we look forward eagerly. With the ground so admirably broken, the ensuing crop cannot fail to yield a harvest well worth the garnering.

A JAPANESE CONCENTRATION, AND A RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE FIELD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



AN ARMY IN BEING : COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE CONCENTRATION OF GENERAL NISHI'S DIVISION AT FENG-HWANG-CHENG.



JAPANESE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN THE FIELD : A SHINTO SERVICE AT FENG-HWANG-CHENG IN THE PRESENCE OF THE JAPANESE GENERAL STAFF AND MILITARY ATTACHÉS.

WAYSIDE AND WARD IN MANCHURIA: CAMPAIGNING AND HOSPITAL SCENES.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY;" OTHERS SUPPLIED BY PHOTO-NOUVELLES AGENCY.



A BRIDGE ON HORSEBACK: JAPANESE ENGINEERS BRINGING BRIDGE-TIMBER INTO WIJU.



A BRIDGE ON THE MARCH: JAPANESE ENGINEERS CONVEYING TIMBER FOR BRIDGE-CONSTRUCTION.



GUIDANCE BY THE WAY: A JAPANESE SOLDIER CONSULTING A SIGN-POST.



THE RUSSIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL AT MUKDEN: MEDICAL STAFF, NURSES, AND PATIENTS.



A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER NEAR FENG-HWANG-CHENG, ABANDONED BY THE RUSSIANS ON THE APPROACH OF THE JAPANESE.

THE LATE COUNT KELLER'S MEN: A RUSSIAN CAMPAIGNING SCENE IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOFKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRÉVIGNAUD.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, AUG. 20, 1904—263

TOWARDS MOTIEN-LING: A RUSSIAN REGIMENT IN SUMMER MARCHING ORDER.



STACKELBERG'S FUTILE ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE PORT ARTHUR: THE RUSSIAN SHELTER-TRENCHES STORMED BY THE JAPANESE.

DRAWN BY R. CALTON WOODVILLE.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA: ENGINEERING, RELIGION, COVER, AND AMBULANCE WORK IN THE FIELD.

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THE JAPANESE ENGINEER AT WORK: BUILDING FORTIFICATIONS NORTH OF FENG-HWANG-CHENG.



PRINCE KUNI (X), GENERAL NISHI, AND STAFF AT A SHINTO CELEBRATION.



A NATURAL SCREEN HIDING JAPANESE MOVEMENTS: THE GAOILAN PLAN



AMBULANCE-BEARERS BRINGING IN A WOUNDED OFFICER AT SUMATSE.



THE FURTHER FERTILISATION OF EGYPT—THE GREAT NEW PROJECT: A CHANNEL TWO HUNDRED MILES LONG, TO COLLECT AND REDEEM WATERS OF THE UPPER NILE FROM SWAMPS.

Drawings and Plans by A. HUGH FISHER, FROM MATERIALS CONTAINED IN THE RECENT REPORT BY SIR WILLIAM GARSTIN, G.C.M.G., REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE CONTROLLER OF HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

In the course of his remarkable report upon the basin of the Upper Nile, which has just been issued as a Blue Book, Sir William Garstin, G.C.M.G., Under Secretary of State for Public Works in Egypt, makes certain far-reaching proposals involving vast engineering works. The chief of these is a two-hundred mile long channel from Bor to the Sobat; and he likewise suggests some plan of control by a barrage at the Ripon Falls below the Victoria Nyanza. He further suggests the raising of the Assuan Dam. The total cost would probably be five million four hundred thousand pounds (Egyptian). The proposed channel would be driven through practically unknown country. We illustrate many of the interesting localities described by Sir William Garstin in his recent survey. Of these the Fula Rapids are noteworthy as constituting the most formidable obstacle to the flow of the Nile between the Albert Nyanza and Khartoum.

NEGOTIATIONS ON THE ROAD THAT ENDED AT LASSA: THE TONGSA PENLOP'S DEALINGS WITH COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



TIBET'S SPOKESMAN: THE TONGSA PENLOP OF BHUTAN.



THE TONGSA PENLOP WITH HIS ATTENDANTS ENTERING CHUMBI.



PART OF THE TONGSA PENLOP'S RETINUE



THE TONGSA PENLOP'S STATE BAND OF FLAGEOLET-PLAYERS.



THE TONGSA PENLOP INSPECTING A MOUNTAIN BATTERY.



THE TONGSA PENLOP AND HIS STAFF WITNESSING A PARADE OF THE BRITISH FORCE.

A HOT CHASE IN MIMIC WAR: AN EARLY INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES.



GUN-BOATS OF THE BLUE FLEET IN PURSUIT OF THE RED DESTROYERS,

Our Artist's drawing was made as the gun-boats of the Blue, or attacking, fleet were putting out from Waterford Harbour in pursuit of destroyers of the Red, or defending fleet.

THE FIRE AT TOULON ARSENAL, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF VAUBAN'S
HISTORIC SLIPS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH.



THE DEBRIS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CENTRAL BUILDING.



THE WEST SLIP, ENTIRELY DESTROYED, TOGETHER WITH TORPEDO-BOAT "263" AND THE SCOUTING-BOATS OF THE "FOUDRE."

The fire which broke out on August 7 in Toulon Arsenal destroyed the huge building containing the general machine-shops, the carpenters' shops, the furnishing section and store, and the huge drawing-loft (measuring about one hundred yards by sixty), where in 1893 the great ball was given to the Russian sailors. In addition to this, two slips on which three torpedo-boats were undergoing repair were reduced to ashes.



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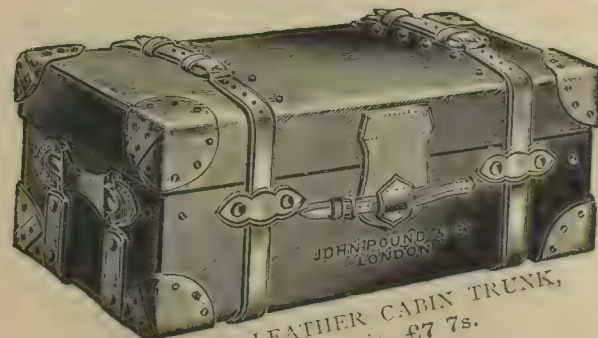
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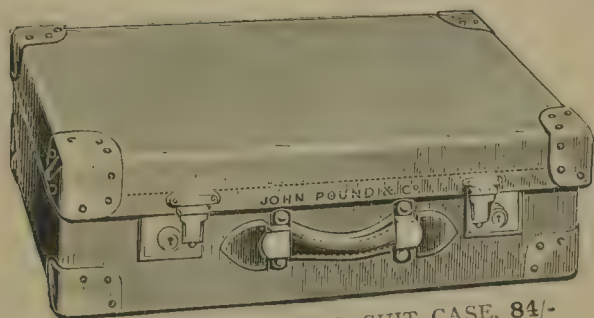
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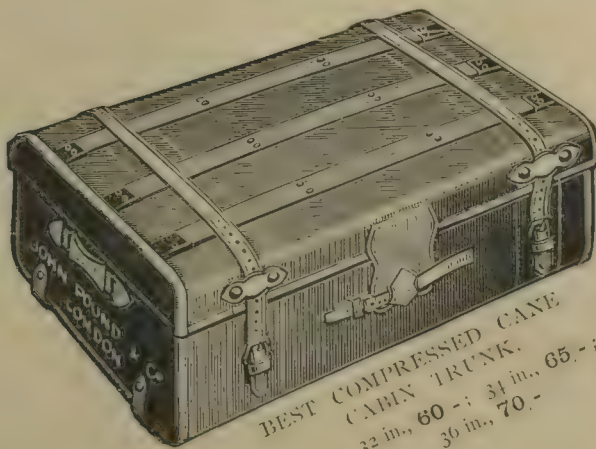
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LADIES' PAGE.

So at last the Tsaritsa has her son, the heir to the splendid but troublous throne of her husband; and there will be no opportunity of seeing whether an edict of the Tsar would be issued to make his daughter successor to his crown, as the heirship of Princesses was only declared to be set aside by the mere edict of a previous Tsar, the mad Paul, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Of course, we are told that there is great joy in Russia at the birth of a Prince to be the heir. Perhaps, nevertheless, a reigning Tsaritsa would, after all, have been better for the nation! Certainly, it seems as if a woman Sovereign has a special talent for guiding a country through periods of change—that is to say, of needful evolution. Whether it is that the women rulers have more tact and power of management, or whether it is that they dislike war and disturbance so greatly that they become important factors in settling and smoothing over matters as far as possible, or what it is, may be hard to discern. But certainly in our own history three regnant Queens—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria—all happened to be on the throne in times of remarkable and vital change and development in the country's affairs, and each Queen most happily found the right men to lead and direct the process safely and satisfactorily. In Russia itself the reign of Catherine the Great was more fertile in reform and change than any other single reign; and she sat on the throne for over thirty years, successfully directing innumerable reforms, social and legal. But nobody need envy the rulers of dissatisfied States. On one of Elizabeth's portraits she had inscribed the motto, as applicable to her own royal position—"Weary rest and restless ease"; and we know that there can hardly have been one morning in her reign on which she did not waken with a sense of heavy responsibility, uncertainty, and trouble—as surely must be the case with the monarch of Russia to-day. It is not a position that any mother would covet for her daughter, and no doubt on every ground the Tsaritsa is happy in the recent event.

In English provincial society this is quite the gayest and most pleasant time of the year. Although many people go off to the Continent or to the moors to shoot, there remain a large, an overwhelmingly numerous, proportion of those spending the spring and early summer in town who return in the present season of sunshine, flowers, leafage, and dry roads, to their own country houses, and there make things "go" for themselves



A SMART COAT.

Made in white cloth, relieved with coloured embroidery on collar and cuffs.

and their neighbours. Garden-parties almost every day are no figure of speech, but sober or frivolous reality. Some novel form of amusement is much desired and sought after. Archery is having a great deal of attention from ladies at present. A time limit to a croquet game is an easy suggestion that really results in much fun; those who get through the most hoops in the time win the prize. Cycling matches round and round the lawn, with small prizes for the winners, may be arranged if space allows; all that is done at a gymkhana is

permissible, if possible in the room available. One competition may be for the last home in so many rounds, and this may be decided in heats, the ultimate winner of course being the last in of the batch of winners of the previous heats; or obstacles to be circled round are placed; or the riders dismount at a point, thread three needles, and then remount, the first home being the winner, and so on. At one party a quantity of flowers and a number of cheap rush straw hats were provided, and the young men were invited to trim the one with the other, the ladies then voting for three prizes for excellence. Finally, the hats were sent over to a school-children's treat that was being held in neighbouring meadows, to serve as prizes for races. Badge-parties, where some design indicating a book-title, or a song, or a celebrity of a given order, is worn by each visitor, the name to be guessed by the others, are a little old; but a new development is the musical card competition. A card is given to each guest on which is written a short (and absurd) story with a number of blank spaces where phrases have been omitted; the phrases are the titles of popular or historical songs, and the guests are expected to fill in the various titles as each air is played on a piano, prizes going to the three or four who fill in the largest number of titles, and so complete the tale.

There will be no new summer fashions, and the autumn fashions are as yet unrevealed. It is a moment corresponding to the gardener's summer season, when all the borders are filled and nothing more can be done but keep everything in order. The gowns of the season are now being worn and except for a few belated shooting-dresses the modiste and the tailor are idle. Accessories are of the first consequence in the summer scheme of dress, and of these one never has enough. A full use should be made of one's own possessions in the way of real lace at present, as it is so much worn that no costume looks quite smart unless to some extent decorated with some sort of lace. There is only need for a little ingenuity in order to make use of lace without injury to it. Of course, to cut lace of value is an enormity to which no right-minded person can consent except for some great occasion. The worst piece of vandalism I ever beheld was when a man, to whom his rich wife had bequeathed all her property, had her lovely old laces cut up to make all sorts of ridiculous trifles—table-centres and doilies, chair-backs, and even panels to the room-doors and shades for the lamps! So far from such outrageous conduct being excusable on any ethical and æsthetic grounds, one would not, if properly "instructed," as the French would say, even cut a flounce up to make a fichu. But it is possible to do much with lace by "mitreing" it, and pleating it, and even by using it in double folds in part—anything to avoid cutting it up into scraps, while at the same time allowing the owner to have the use of it. A lace handkerchief makes an excellent jabot by folding it cornerwise, turning the upper point so as to fall a little above the under one: this will allow both the sides to be seen as well as the ends; and the muslin or fine cambric centre will fold down out of sight behind the lace.

Lace robes have been much purchased for the country house season. When the smart set is concerned, the evening gowns taken to the country are felt to be of even more importance than the rest of the costumes. Naturally this is the case. The men are out all day with the guns, and a business-like tweed skirt and coat is all that the ladies need, whether they also tramp after the birds or only join the men for luncheon. But in the evening there is scope for the charms of costume. Evening dresses are thus held by some wise women to be of more consequence in the country than in town in the season. Under the crowded conditions of the drawing-rooms of society in May and June, the frocks are comparatively little visible; the wood is so thick, in short, that the trees are invisible, as far as a distinct inspection goes; but all this is different in the country-house. The space is large, the women are comparatively few, and the men are sure to be appreciative of feminine grace and the charms of willowy figures clad in gracefully constructed and daintily coloured costumes after a day in the midst of the somewhat stern surroundings of sport at this season. Hence, some very lovely dresses are freshly bought to take away visiting; and among these the all-lace dress has been largely patronised by the smartest women, and therefore that form of evening dress is sure of popularity for the winter "little season" in town.

At a great house where I was visiting a few days ago, some of the evening gowns were of a beauty surpassing description. The chief feature, I think, was the employment of fringe, which seemed to hang and sway and glitter on nearly every one of the frocks. I say "glitter" because it was often made of beads; either exclusively so, or else having beads set on the silken strands, or some strings of crystal or iridescent beads were interspersed with the chenille or silk threads of the fringe. The effect of a brilliant or soft mass of swaying strands is so graceful that it is a wonder that fringes have been out of fashion so long. One excellent gown in pale blue taffetas was laid in wide pleats all round the skirt, each pleat finished with a big motif of iridescent beads edged with a fringe of the

same beads and pearls; the berthe was a deep fringe of the like kind that almost covered the much-gathered pouched bodice. Another gown was in tulle of several shades; the palest flounce at the waist was almost white, and the train flounce was practically orange with a flame-coloured ruche round it. Between each of the five flounces of graduated shades that intervened were lines of bead fringe in which all the tones of the tulle were represented. The bodice exactly corresponded. A white crepe-de-Chine gown was decorated round

the foot deeply with an appliqué design of bold foliage in shaded green velvet, stitched on with gold embroidery all round the outlines. This embroidery ceased at each side of the front, and the panel which was inserted as a narrow apron was a mass of embroidery in beads of shaded green and gold interspersed with fringes. Then there was a white mousseline-de-soie costume, encrusted with white lace motifs embroidered on with silver; the bodice was arranged



A PRETTY BREAKFAST GOWN.

Made in white muslin, and trimmed with lace insertion and frills.

as a pelerine, sprinkled with silver embroideries and edged deeply with silver fringe, and the elbow-sleeves were a series of tiny frills, each edged with silver fringes of the narrowest but most distinguishable sort. Our hostess had a mousseline-velours Princess gown in geranium-red, with a deep fichu of old Venetian point, and huge puff-sleeves trimmed with the same lace, of which also there were three flounces on the skirt; also a narrow band of lace was laid on the top of it to resemble a girdle on the hips, and just touched into brightness by silver sequins and a diamond buckle to hold fichu and belt together at the front.

There is a demand for wraps at this time of the year, for people who are going travelling never can foresee what weather they may have to meet, and the wise take with them some garment that will suit in emergencies of either kind. Besides that, our American visitors are the chief customers of the shops at this season, and they want to buy wraps to take home for the autumn. So it is that the fashion in this respect is early fixed. A fancy has displayed itself for capes and three-quarter coats in a loud check tweed—quite the sort of stuff in which caricaturists depict 'Arry on his 'oliday. The sporting-looking fabric has its own style, however; and as anything that is made up by workpeople with good and cultivated taste is sure to be redeemed from blatant vulgarity, the new, big shepherd's plaids, and plaids of white checked with blue or green lines, look well enough in the made-up form. The Inverness cape, made in these voyant checks, is having the largest share of patronage; then come three-quarter coats with very wide sleeves ending in a bell or set very fully gathered into a short gauntlet cuff. These are the sort of wraps provided for real utility in travelling and driving. White, putty-colour, and pale-grey cloths make the smarter coats; and white cloth with a faint tinge of palest blue, known as "zinc-white," is extraordinarily fashionable. Touches of colour are often admitted in narrow cuffs and revers, and big and handsome buttons are quite a feature. Lighter wraps for walking under in the first cooler days of autumn that we must soon be anticipating in the available wardrobe are often made with a point at the back, shawl-shaped; and there is a very smart new shape of the three-decker variety, short in front but drooping in a shawl point to the back. Smooth-faced cloth in shades of brown and tan is particularly favoured in constructing these useful little autumn wraps.

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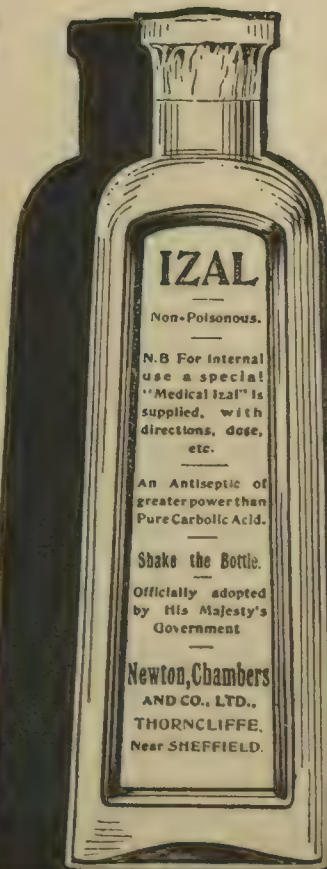
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(DEPT. 24)



ART NOTES.

The report of the Lords' Committee upon the administration of the Chantrey Bequest has been received with universal agreement; and it only remains to consider the means by which its wholly wise and moderate recommendations may best be carried into effect. Judgment has been pronounced that the wisdom of the Chantrey Trustees has placed at the Tate Gallery a collection from which the works of some of our best modern masters are absent, while the space they ought to occupy is defaced by pictures of which one need say no harder words than that they are not representative of the best work of the time. And that the pictures gathered together in his name should be so representative, is the specific declaration of Chantrey himself.

The ill-turn that has been done to Chantrey's name and to the nation is attributed by the Lords' Committee to the system of purchase. They think that the Council of the Royal Academy is too unwieldy a body of pickers and choosers; and they condemn the inanity which took the Council no further afield than Burlington House when the choice had to be made. Hot reformers are perhaps less than pleased that the work of selection should be left with the Academy at all. But it would have been a too high-handed proceeding to take away from Academicians of the future an honourable trust which Chantrey wished should be theirs. The suggestion that the purchasing body should number only three, and should consist of the President, also a member of the Academy chosen by his fellow-Members, and an Associate chosen by his fellow-Associates, may not sound

a radical one, but it is likely to be effective and far-reaching. The secrecy of the Council of Ten that chose of old, and chose often scandalously ill, would be abolished. The public would know definitely with whom it had to deal. Two of the men would

Mr. Wertheimer is a person much to be desired upon such a committee of selection, but the theoretical objections attendant on such an inclusion are too obvious to need a statement of them; and, at worst, the Committee of Three will be able to obtain the advice of such an expert if they are humble enough to recognise their need of it.

Are the worthless acquisitions already made under the terms of the Bequest to be considered as fixtures? The Lords do not give us any counsel of perfection on this point. An order that they should be disposed of at not less than a quarter of the sum paid for them might have seemed freakish. But, in the purchase of some of these canvases, facts are stranger than fables.

The dream of founding in Dublin a Permanent Exhibition of Works of Art seems to be so near to fulfilment that certain of the pioneers of the movement have made two advance purchases on its behalf. These are a piece of sculpture by Rodin and "En Voyage" by Mancini. This picture, the portrait of the artist's father, was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition lately closed. Dublin is to be congratulated upon its start.—W. M.



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be chosen for their task; they would not merely happen upon it; and the President himself, being the only *ex-officio* buyer, would be bound by the honours of a unique position. A shrewd dealer like

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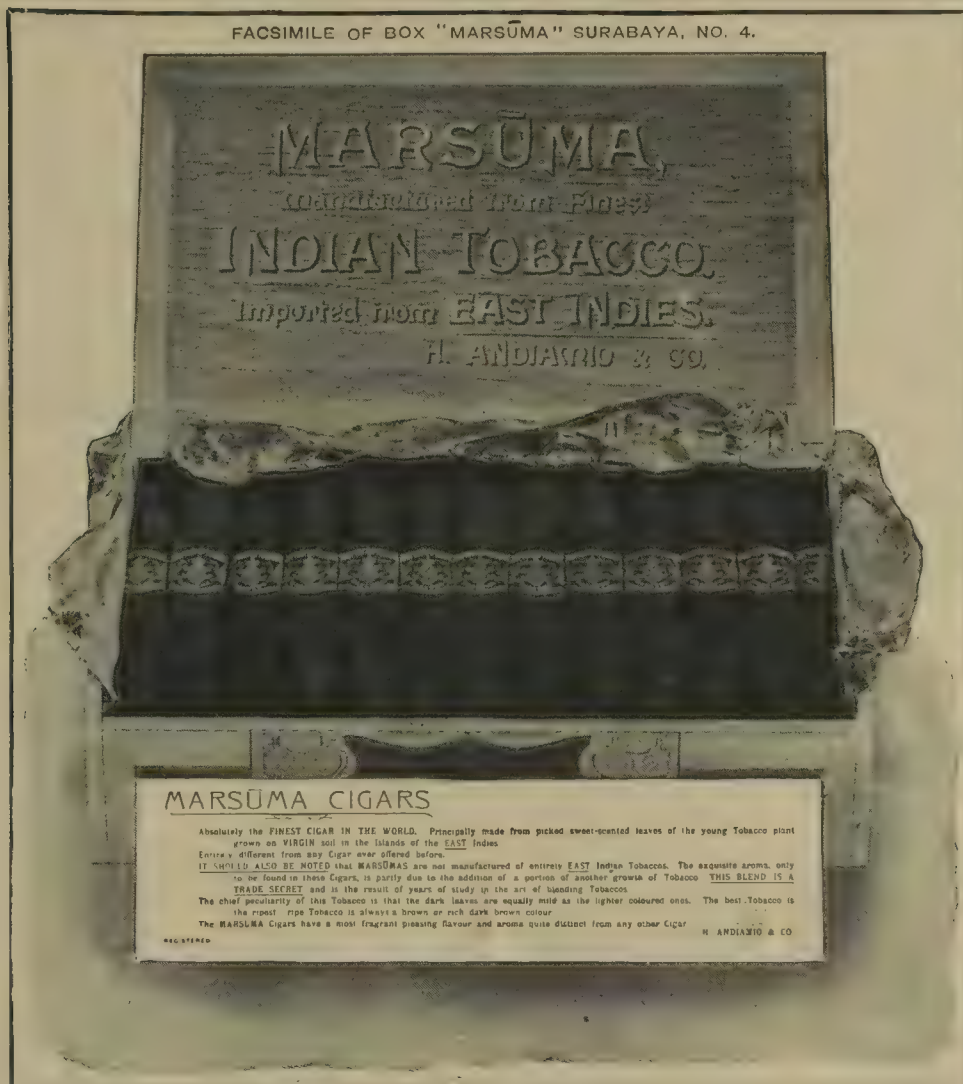
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OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Julius M. Price, who is proceeding to Russia and probably Siberia, is to act as our Special Artist. It is not improbable that Mr. Price will pass through St. Petersburg about the time of the royal christening, in which case we may expect to have sketches of that event from his pencil. Mr. Price has already executed many commissions for this Journal as Special Artist Correspondent. He has travelled in Siberia, Northern China, the Klondyke, the Western Australian Goldfields, and he was with the Greek Army during the Greco-Turkish War in 1897. Mr. Price was educated at University College School and at Brussels, and he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. He is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1898), with two codicils (of Feb. 28, 1901, and March 14, 1903), of Mr. CHARLES JAMES SHAW, of Thorn Bank, Leamington, who died on June 30, was proved on Aug. 10 by James Frederick Shaw, the son, William Andrew Le Roy, and Charles Pelham Lane, the executors, the value of the estate being £738,894. The testator gives £30,000, in trust, for the children of his son James Frederick; £2000 each to the Birmingham General Hospital and the Warneford and Leamington and South Warwickshire Hospital; £1000 to the Midland Hospital for Incurables; the freehold residence Thorn Bank to his son Charles Conrad; the premises known



Photo. Jacquette.
OUR ARTIST IN RUSSIA: MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

as The Cedars to his son James Frederick; £3000 each to Isabel Annie Julia Crofton, Charles Reginald Cecil Miller, Annie Julia Godfray, and the Rev. Francis Anson Miller; £2000 each to Charles W. Makin, Claude Harold Makin, Devereux Shaw Muntz, and in trust for John Frederick Muntz; £10,000 to Charles James Stewart Makin; £3000 to Charles Pelham Lane; and £1500 to William Andrew Le Roy. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons Charles Conrad and James Frederick.

The will (dated March 24, 1899) of MR. THOMAS WHIFFIN, of Cerris House, Wandsworth, and Lombard Road, Battersea, chemical-manufacturer, who died on March 27, was proved on Aug. 8 by Thomas Joseph Whiffin and William George Whiffin, the sons, and Alfred Thomas Hare, the value of the estate being £309,271. The testator gives £10,000 to his son William George; £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Emma Faith for life, and then to the children of his son Thomas Joseph; £1000 to his daughter-in-law Jessie Anne Whiffin; and a few small legacies. He also gives £500 each to the Victoria Hospital for Children (Chelsea), the Middlesex Hospital, St. George's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, Guy's Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, King's College Hospital, and the Metropolitan Free Hospital; and £250 each to the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, the Royal Blind Pension Society, the Asylum for Idiots, the Reedham Orphanage, the Orphan Working School, the British Orphan Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Central London Ophthalmic

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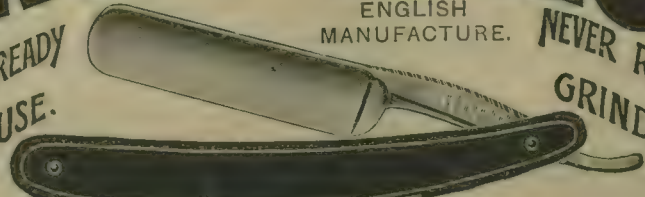
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Hospital, the City Orthopædic Hospital, the Samaritan Free Hospital, the Hospital for Women (Soho), the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, and the Brompton Hospital for Consumption. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1891), with two codicils (of April 13, 1896, and Sept. 17, 1902), of MR. THOMAS RIDGWAY BRIDSON, J.P., of Rock End, Torquay, and of Bolton, Lancashire, who died on May 28, was proved on July 30 by Harry Bridson, Edward Ridgway Bridson, and Francis Charles Bridson, the sons, the value of the estate being £166,716. The testator gives £2000 to his brother William Paul Bridson; £1000 to his son-in-law Harry Cust Bradshaw; £15,000 each to his sons Harry, Edward Ridgway, and Francis Charles; £15,000, in trust, for his son Augustus William, and his wife and daughter; railway stock of the value of £21,300, in trust, for his daughters Ellen and Annie Marion; and £12,000, in trust, for his grand-daughters Frances Mary L. Bradshaw and Charlotte Marion Bradshaw. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Harry and Edward, but an additional £5000 is to be paid to his son Francis Charles in the event of such residuary estate amounting to £15,000.

The will (dated July 19, 1903), with two codicils (dated April 7 and July 22, 1904), of MR. WALTER

HARDY BEATON, of Hazelwood, Abbots Langley, and 2, Great Winchester Street, E.C., who died on July 27, was proved on Aug. 6 by Alfred Brice Beaton, the brother, and Ernest Walter Hardy Beaton, Reginald Charles John Beaton, Arthur Cecil Beaton, and Wilfred Hardy Beaton, the sons, the value of the estate being £154,475. The testator gives £500, and while she remains his widow an annuity of £450, to his wife, Mrs. Christian Mary Beaton; £100 and such of the household furniture she may select to his daughter Florence Louise; his interest in the business of Tagart, Beaton and Co. to his son Ernest Walter, and in the firm of Beaton Brothers and Co. to his son Wilfred Hardy, he paying £3000, part of the profits thereof, to his brother Reginald; £10,000, in trust, for his family; £250 to his brother Alfred; and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except those by his present wife, who are provided for by settlement.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have recently constructed vestibuled *salons de luxe*, which may be secured for the use of private parties on payment of a minimum charge of ten first-class fares. Each carriage is 57 ft. in length, is divided into separate compartments, and is beautifully upholstered and fitted

with all modern conveniences. It is so constructed that for a day journey the two centre compartments can be formed into one very commodious *salon*, 17 ft. in length and 8 ft. in width, but if required for a night journey a bed can be placed in each of the four compartments. The company have also other saloons for night travel fitted to accommodate a larger number of passengers.

Part of the former premises of the *Graphic* in Milford Lane has just been turned to a most appropriate use and has been opened as a Club for newspaper workers. The new Institution was inaugurated by Lady Esther Smith, whose husband, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., has presented the premises for the use of his employes, and has agreed to pay the rates and taxes. One of the many excellent arrangements of the Club is a large room fitted with bunks, in which the members may rest after coming off night work. This will prove an extraordinary boon to many men whose spell of rest between two shifts is too brief to permit them to go home. The "house dinner" is nothing short of extraordinary. It includes a cut from the joint, two vegetables, bread *ad libitum*, and a sweet, and all for sixpence. Lady Esther Smith, who took the first cup of tea served, was presented by Mr. Monger, the veteran of Messrs. Smith's staff, with a silver spoon and sugar-tongs, in memory of the occasion.

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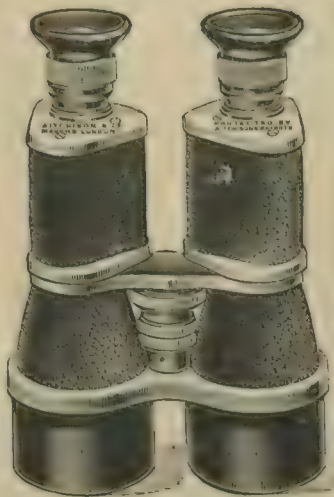
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Mr. MACLURCAN, Port Commissioner, Rangoon, India, writes, Nov. 23, 1903, to Messrs. Aitchison & Co., London—

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Lieutenant W. R. LEDGARD, R.N., H.M.S. "Thetis," China Station, writes, May 10, 1904, to Messrs. Aitchison & Co., London—

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury sails this week for America, and expects to return on Oct. 19. His primary purpose is to attend the general Convention of the Anglican Church at Boston; but he also hopes to visit a few of the great Canadian centres of life and work. Dr. Davidson is already assured of a very hearty welcome both from clergy and laity.

Dean Barlow returned to Peterborough last week, after a three months' absence in Canada. He is in excellent health, and has had a most successful tour, visiting all the most interesting parts of the Colony.

Bishop Awdry, of South Tokio, who has denied the statement that Japan intends to establish the Christian religion, has been in the Far East since 1896. He was at one time Principal of Chichester Theological College, and was Bishop of Southampton for a year. He went to Japan as Bishop of Osaka, and in 1897 was transferred to Tokio.

The Bishop of Chichester is on his way home from South Africa. He spent some time in Rhodesia, and

one of the last places he visited was the Victoria Falls. While in Bulawayo the Bishop preached at St. John's Church.

Everyone is glad to learn that Canon Scott Holland is so much improved in health that he proposes to take his usual September term of residence at St. Paul's.

Canon Benham has spent his August holiday in Ireland.

Although the Uganda Cathedral was consecrated on June 21, full accounts of the ceremony have only appeared this month. The sermon was preached in fluent Luganda by Archdeacon Walker, who has been in the country since the troublous times of Mwanga. There was a congregation of 3500 people, who joined heartily in responses and hymns. An offertory was taken to remove the debt of 2000 rupees, and the collectors went up to the chancel heavily laden with strings of cowrie shells, as well as the more regular coinage. These were received by the clergy in large baskets. Chickens and goats were also offered.

The east end of Peterborough Cathedral is now in the restorer's hands, as dangerous cracks have made

their appearance. More than £80,000 has been spent within the last thirty years on this splendid fabric, and there is no assurance that the outlay is finished.

The *Church Times* calls attention to the curious fact that there is much illegal employment amongst the embroiderers of ecclesiastical furniture. One of the inspectors of factories and workshops says he has known women employed over-time on five nights for three successive weeks in Lent. The public seem to expect orders for vestments, altar frontals, and other ornaments to be executed within a few weeks. In days gone by a cope sometimes took four years to embroider. It is not a pleasant reflection that costly Church needlework may have been obtained at the expense of injury and suffering to the worker.

In an illustrated guide, containing splendid photographs of the North Cornwall coast, the attractions and pastimes of Bude are fully described. Full details of the London and South Western Company's convenient service of express trains, tourist, excursion, and week-end tickets are also given.



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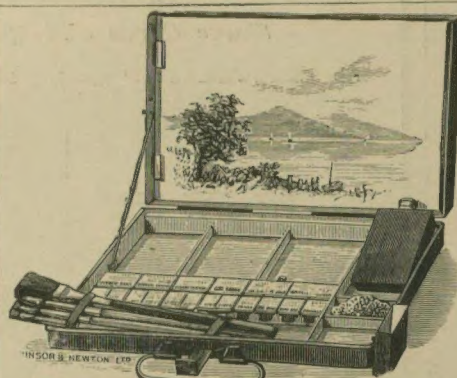
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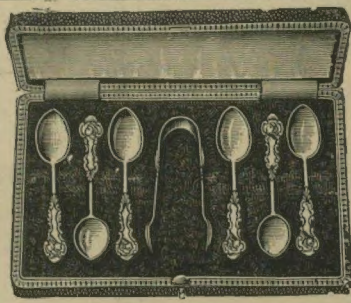
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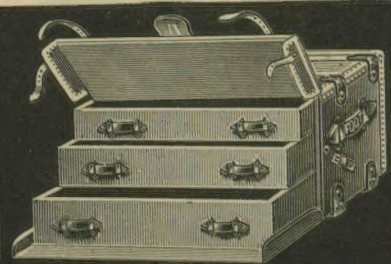
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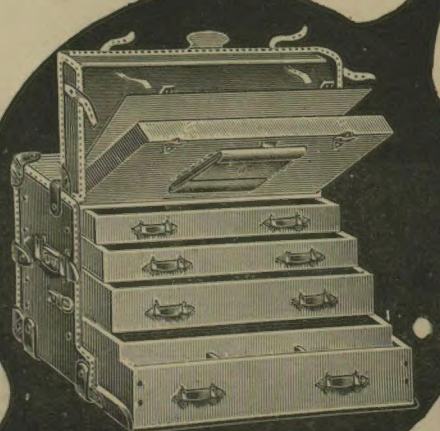
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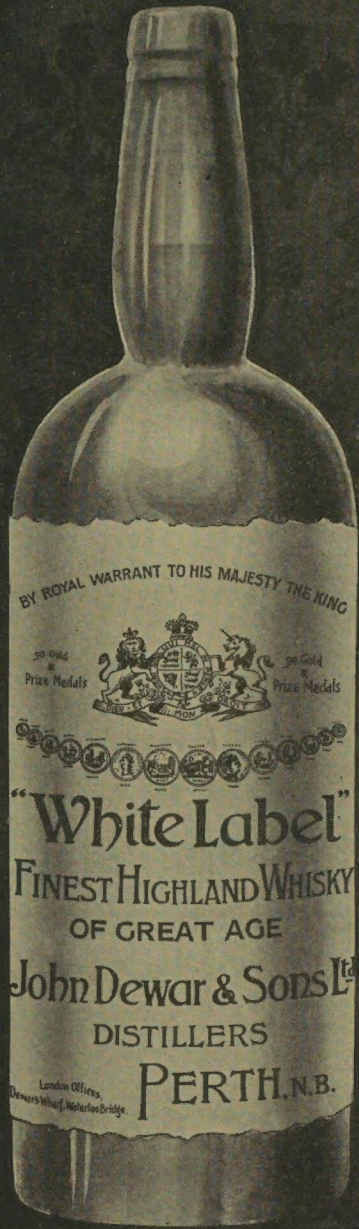
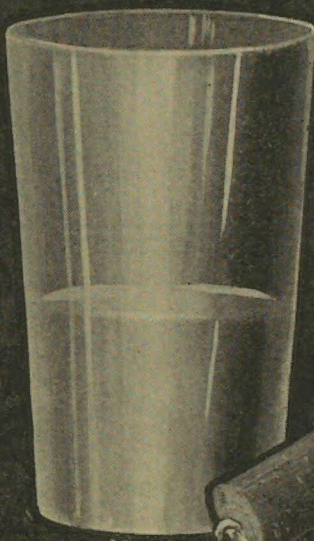
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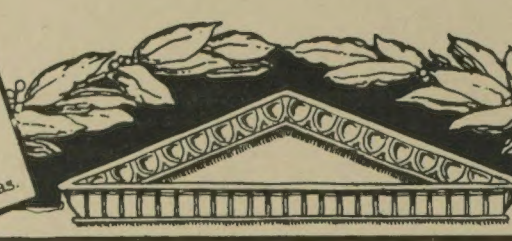
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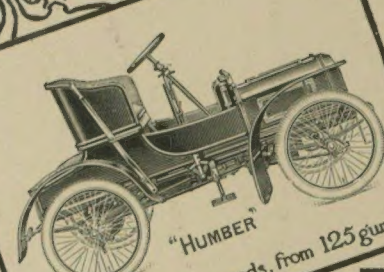
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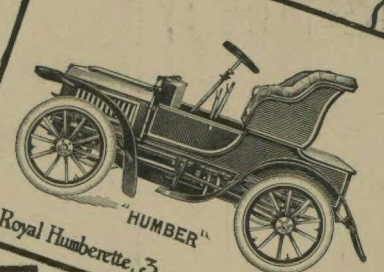
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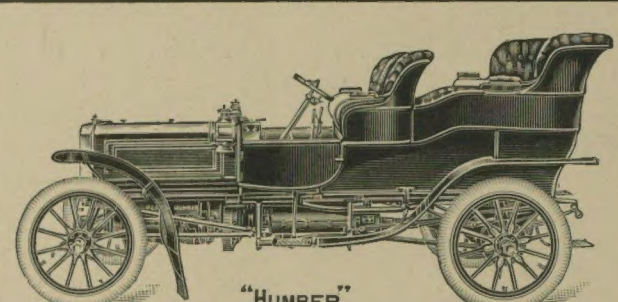
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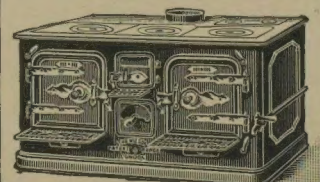
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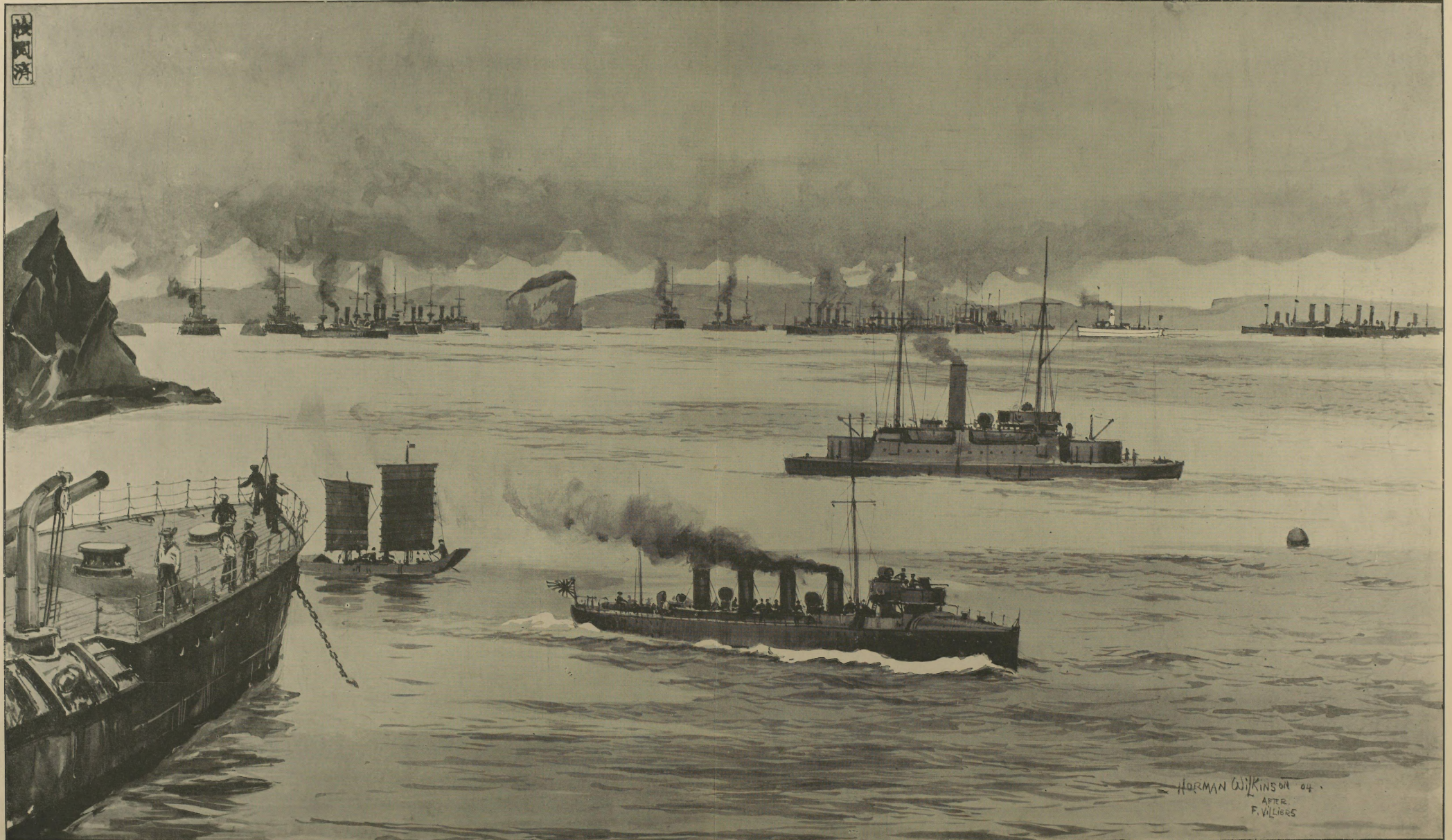
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THE MYSTERIOUS "CERTAIN PLACE" OF ADMIRAL TOGO'S DISPATCHES: THE SECRET NAVAL BASE FOR THE JAPANESE ATTACKS UPON PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A SKETCH MADE BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST, BY DIRECT PERMISSION OF ADMIRAL TOGO.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "The mystery that has surrounded the Japanese naval base whence the many assaults have been made by Admiral Togo on Port Arthur has now been dispelled, and I am permitted by that officer to send you a sketch of the ever-victorious squadron preparing for the final assault. Hitherto, the Japanese naval base has been designated in official and Press dispatches as 'a certain place'—hence the title of my sketch. The base, now historical as having masked the operations of the finest fighting fleet known to ocean warfare, is one of the many natural havens in the Elliot Group. Here, between the islets of Da-cho-san and Khas, only about three hours' steam from Port Arthur, the Japanese ships, after their remarkable exploits, have been re-coaled, re-equitallied, repaired, and nursed for further efforts." From left to right the vessels are—First-class battle-ships and cruisers, colliers, hospital-ships, and transports. In centre—"Tsukushi," first modern Japanese war-ship.